THE AMERICAN WEST

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COVER: A low winter sun highlights the rugged Alabama Hills in the Sierra Nevada. For more scenes of the Sierra, turn to page 20.

(Photograph by David Muench)

THE

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TOM MEYERS

Survivor of the bustling gold rush days of Coloma, in El Dorado County, California. The settlement developed around Sutter's Mill after James Marshall's portentous discovery in 1848.

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November 1971/Volume VIII, Number 6

Sponsored by the Western History Association

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES PER YEAR — JANUARY/MARCH/MAY/JULY/SEPTEMBER/NOVEMBER

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THE AMERICAN WEST is published in January, March, May, July, September, November, by American West Publishing Company, 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306. Single copies: $2.00. Subscriptions: $9.00; two years $16.00; three years $23.00 *(outside U.S. $1.00 per year extra)*. Manuscripts and communications from subscribers should be sent to the above address; members of the Western History Association should address all communications to Everett L. Cooley, P.O. Box 8005, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108.
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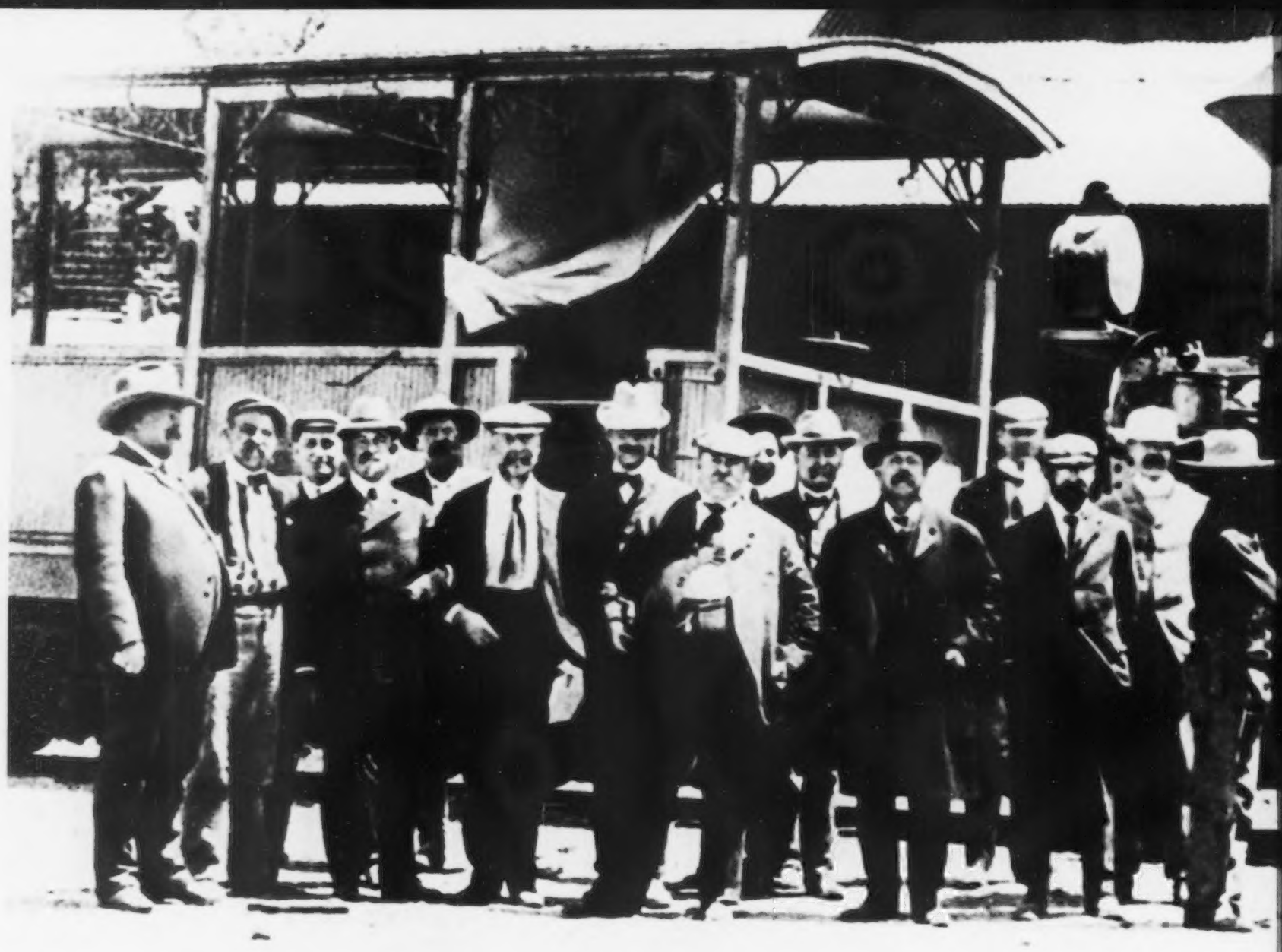


Colonel Greene (far left), quite at ease among the wealthy, invited several millionaires to view the Cananea complex.

INSTANT MILLIONAIRE

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

WHEN COLONEL William Cornell Greene (the title was honorific) died in his big house at Cananea, Sonora, Mexico, on August 5, 1911, he wrote *finis* to a career that was unique in the annals of the West. Between 1899 and 1906 his great copper mines in the foothills of the Cananea Mountains made him many times a millionaire. As a sideline he put together in Sonora and Arizona a ranch empire of nearly a million acres. Thanks to his ability to charm Mexican officials all the way up to President Porfirio Díaz himself, he controlled the mining, waterpower, and timber con-

With his success established—at least for a time—Greene posed sporting Prince Albert ensemble.

Included among the group are Robert W. Goelet (second from left) and William G. Rockefeller (seventh from left).

COLONEL W. C. GREENE IN FACT AND FOLKLORE

by C. L. Sonnichsen

cessions in an area on the western border of Chihuahua the size of a small American state. His great dream was to use American capital, machinery, and methods to transform northern Mexico into an industrial-agricultural complex like nothing else in the world—all resources working together for the benefit of Mexico, at the same time producing profits for Colonel Greene and his stockholders. Unfortunately, his reach exceeded his grasp. He tried to do too much too soon; but with a little better luck, his visions might have become realities. Some of them, like a hydroelectric plant on the Yaqui

Cartoonists capitalized on Greene's fame and fortune, and on the Thomas W. Lawson affair.

Justice Jim Burnett, on whom Greene—rightly or wrongly—vented revenge for the death of his daughter Ella.

River and a railroad across the Sierra Madre, have been realized only recently.

Greene was a big, handsome man, portly of figure, auburn of hair, and quiet in manner, though his driving energy and inner tensions sometimes led to violent explosions of temper. He was well mannered and well dressed, as became his New York State background, but he was a complete westerner in his kindness, friendliness, and loyalty—highly regarded by everybody west of Wall Street. He loved his friends and family, and never forgot anyone who had done him a favor. Two things distinguished him from most of his contemporaries: tremendous power of vision and a gambler's willingness to take the ultimate chance. His education, though limited, had been good, and he was at home in both his worlds—the teeming financial district of New York and the solitudes of Arizona and New Mexico. These traits, combined with persuasiveness and great personal charm ("he could sell anybody anything," they said), sent him into the financial stratosphere like a rocket. If he was not an instant millionaire, he was at least a very sudden one.

That was the man his friends and family knew. Even during his lifetime, however, his legend had entered the realm of folklore, and after his death journalists, novelists, and popular historians transformed him into something rich and strange, very different from the reality.

THE STORY BEGINS in New York City in 1870 when seventeen-year-old Will Greene, a clerk in Mr. Onderdonk Angevine's tea store on Eighth Avenue, got the western fever. He paid a last visit to his relatives in Westchester County and told them as he departed, "I am going West, and if I don't make a fortune, you will never see me again."

For several years he knocked about on the frontier as a surveyor, freighter, farmer, and rancher. In the spring of 1880, he was "polishing a drill" as a hard-rock miner at the Tiger Mine in northern Arizona. A few months later he had moved to Tombstone, where he prospected and fought Indians until 1884, when he married and settled on a homestead in the San Pedro Valley near the Mexican border. Still suffering from miner's disease, he spent much of his time in Mexico, particularly along the eastern slope of the Cananea Mountains some sixty miles from his home. The Spaniards, who had worked the mines for gold and silver in the eighteenth century, had paid no attention to the rich copper deposits; but W. C. Greene did, and in 1896 he began buying up titles to established claims.

His activities were interrupted in 1897, when a dispute over water left him facing a charge of murder. Jim Burnett, formerly justice of the peace in the notorious Charleston community and a hard and dangerous man, owned a farm on the San Pedro below Greene's, and they quarreled about water rights. Late in June somebody dynamited Greene's dam and drowned his nine-year-old daughter Ella, who was the pride of his heart. Greene was convinced that Burnett was responsible, and when they met (accidentally) on the streets of Tombstone, he shot Burnett dead. Since Jim had threatened to shoot him on sight, he was cleared in the trial that followed.

Safely out of this entanglement, he organized his first important corporation, the once-famous Cobre Grande Copper Company. When it did not work out to his satisfaction, he went to New York and interested big money in launching the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company (the Four C's), his operating organization in Mexico, and the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, the holding company which owned the stock of the Mexican corporation and handled the money. Greene was the big man of both organizations, but his hold on them was never entirely secure. The bears were always raiding his stock. The copper kings never stopped trying to euchre him out of his property. The rumor mills in New York were always out to discredit him, and as a result, his own stockholders tended to be skittish and uneasy.

For seven years he successfully met all his challenges. His best weapon was his absolute confidence in his own genius and enterprises—a confidence that promoted the same feeling in rich old ladies and small investors with ten or fifteen thous-

and dollars in the bank. He was forever bringing carloads of these people to Cananea so they could see the wonders there for themselves, and they usually went home enthusiastic about the colonel and his projects.

Overnight Greene became famous in a nation that loved a success story and had not yet learned to think of a millionaire as a little lower than the angleworm. The trumpets sounded wherever he went. All his activities were chronicled with gravity and sometimes with awe, but a climax was reached in 1904 when he had his bloodless duel with Thomas W. Lawson—an encounter that made headlines in cities as far apart as London and San Francisco.

Lawson had turned against Amalgamated Copper, which he had helped to organize, and published a series of articles (later collected under the title of *Frenzied Finance*) exposing the corporation as a device for plundering the public. The price of Amalgamated stock plunged downward, and the price of Greene Consolidated plunged with it. Extremely annoyed, Greene castigated Lawson in an open letter sent to the New York newspapers and promised that he would call at Lawson's office in Boston for an accounting. Delighted, Lawson promised to stage the confrontation in front of the Boston statehouse. Not a word had been said about violence, but the public assumed that a real western walkdown was in the making and gathered in front of the statehouse in such large numbers that traffic was entirely halted. There was great disappointment when Greene and Lawson got together at the Touraine and spent several hours there in amicable conversation.

By now the Colonel's time was growing short. In the summer of 1906, the first shot of the Mexican Revolution was fired in the streets of Cananea, when the miners, organized by supporters of the Flores Magón brothers and their Mexican Liberal Party, struck for higher wages and better working conditions. The uprising was soon crushed with the help of the *Rurales* (Rangers) and the Mexican army. Greene was praised for showing great personal bravery during the encounter, but he had made himself a symbol of Yankee imperialism to the revolutionists who were soon to take control of Mexico.

In the same year Greene ran out of money and had to turn over his copper mines to bigger and craftier operators. The panic of 1907 ruined his two remaining major enterprises, the Greene Gold Silver Company and the Sierra Madre Land and Lumber Company, at the same time undermining his health and demolishing his peace of mind. He was recovering, however, and working on an irrigation project in the Santa Cruz Valley of Arizona when a team of fast horses ran away, throwing him out of his buggy against a Cananea picket fence. A punctured lung brought on pneumonia and he died, only fifty-eight years old, in the town which he had built from scratch.

A man of Greene's type is bound to provoke a good deal of storytelling. It seems to have been his fixed habit never to contradict anything printed about him, and as a result a good deal of folklore was already in circulation at the time of his death, some of it vicious and cruel. In the years that followed, the stories grew and flourished until the Greene image on both sides of the border became distorted and unreal.

In Mexico the change was dramatic and complete. In reporting Greene's death one Cananea newspaper, *El Cuarto Poder,* editorialized: "Surely there is not a single person in the whole state who does not profoundly lament his tragic death." He was "a man of generous principles with a noble heart." In 1963 the revolutionary historian Manuel Aguirre branded him as "a man without scruples and with unrestrained and illimitable ambitions . . . an adventurer, a filibuster of major proportions, a man with the soul of a pirate." Mexican schoolchildren are taught today that Greene was a wicked and soulless exploiter of the poor. He will probably never be anything but a symbol of villainy in Mexico.

In his own country his image had been distorted just as completely, but the remodeling has been done in several different styles. First, he has been transformed into a familiar stereotype, the wolf of Wall Street. We saw this creature often in the cartoons of a few years ago—a bulbous, steak-faced sensualist in striped pants and top hat with greed in his eyes and dollars dribbling from his pockets. He was assumed to have no conscience and no regard for anything but money. Anyone who stayed afloat in the stockmarket was credited with these characteristics. Greene, of course, did not escape

Negotiating the switchbacks of the Greene Gold-Silver Company's wagon road over the Sierra Madre.

XUM

this, but in his case the pattern was complicated by his supposed western origin. The result was a hybrid: the cowboy capitalist. The contrast between his small beginnings and his spectacular climax was good copy, and his biographers have tended to make him as poor and ignorant as possible at the beginning and as extravagant and self-indulgent as possible at the peak. In between are several variations—the happy-go-lucky drifter, the irresponsible wastrel, the charming moocher, the habitual but likable cheat and liar. Ira Joralemon in *Romantic Copper* calls him a "ragged-tail gambler" from the start and adds, "Bill had spent forty-seven years being just as worthless and ornery as the Lord would let him." Ernest J. Hopkins *(Financing the Frontier)* sees Colonel Greene as a "penniless prospector" and tells us that "his is a rags to riches story."

The rags-to-riches emphasis has seduced some writers into making the Colonel out to be a sort of happy half-wit. "He rambled all over Sonora," declares Dane Coolidge (father of a good deal of the folklore), in *Fighting Men of the West*, "always broke, always happy, always in debt to his friends, still following that mysterious will-o'-the-wisp." Coolidge goes on to portray him as an irresponsible half-wit as well as a happy one—cajoling B. A. Packard out of loans the banker could not afford to make in order to develop mines Greene never went near, cheating the miners who worked for him, always preferring a lie when the truth would have served him better, charming his critics out of their wrath with a disarming smile.

Coolidge went on to add insult to injury in a novel called *Rawhide Johnny* based on his conception of Greene's character and career. It is a travesty that would be laughable if the result were not irreparable damage to another human being.

The principle involved here is that a little folklore, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing. Writers could not let Greene be what he was. How could a man who rose from obscurity to great riches be a quiet fellow who loved his fellow creatures and kept his word? He could not possibly be as simple as that. He had to be a swaggering, boastful, temperamental extrovert—a "buckaroo of Wall Street," as Ralph A. Donham has described him. No professional journalist could conceive him otherwise. It is almost impossible for one of them to refer to him without using the adjectives "flamboyant" and "swashbuckling." To Isaac Marcosson, historian of the Anaconda Corporation, he was "a swashbuckler, gambler, extrovert" with "an ingratiating, if blustering, personality."

Even scholars fall victim to such infectious folklore, and they serve it up garnished with footnotes. He was "by far the most swashbuckling figure in the history of the Mexican mining industry," writes Marvin D. Bernstein in his history of mining south of the border. The *Dictionary of American Biography* declares that Greene "carried over into Wall Street the Wild West characteristics of bluff heartiness, braggadocio, and gun toting which he had found effective in Arizona." David M. Pletcher *(Rails, Mines, and Progress)* adds that Greene "carried south of the border the grandiose designs, the drawling braggadocio, and the slap-dash energy of the West . . . relying on his native talent for bluff and none too careful about his business methods."

The innuendo about Greene's business ethics reminds us that since he was promoter, he must not merely be a fire-eater but a crooked fire-eater as well. The pattern called for a shrewd operator who was primarily interested in money and unscrupulous about how he got it—a Bet-a-Million Gates or a Diamond Jim Brady, a sleight-of-hand performer whose real business was deceiving the public. Noting that Greene's company declared dividends of $2,812,000 in three years on a total capital of $8,640,000, Marvin Bernstein explains that "Greene paid many of them out of later receipts from sales of stock—one of the oldest tricks in the portfolio of the shady promoter. . . . Greene kept his books so badly that none of his figures was really reliable."

If Greene was careful about anything, it was about his bookkeeping. George Young, his auditor, was frequently called on to provide up-to-date figures for Greene and his officers, and he was proud of his efficiency. He was indignant at the charges of financial sleight-of-hand and wrote George Robbins, the company secretary in New York, on November 27, 1906: "A statement has been made that the dividends declared and paid by the company during the past year were not earned. This is absolutely wrong as the . . . published income statement will show."

THE FOLKLORE about Colonel Greene's "shady" dealings begins with his first trip to New York to get financial support for his Cananea venture. In its simplest form the tale zeros in on Greene, as he sits with pencil in hand, writing his first prospectus. He reads it over after he has finished and remarks thoughtfully, "By God, I believe that's true." He was thus the first victim of his own salesmanship.

J. Evetts Haley, an ordinarily scrupulous Texas historian, elaborates on the same story in a piece he wrote for the *Shamrock* in 1962: "The story is told that Bill scratched his head, pulled his mustache and scribbled all day at top speed. In the evening his practical partners dropped in to hear the results. Bill threw down the script, thanked the Lord he was finished, and admitted that it was 'a daisy.' With proper pride he picked it up to read it again to himself. As he read he began to fidget in his chair. He bit off a healthy chew of tobacco, he ran his hand through his hair, and grew more nervous by the minute. At last he tore the script in two and threw it upon the floor while his partners gaped and wanted to know if he was crazy.

" 'No, by God,' Bill shouted. 'That mine's too good to sell. I'm going to keep her.' "

This interesting bit of folklore, too, has passed in somewhat chastened form into the files of scholars. David Pletcher

tells how Greene and two partners started operations on a shoestring. "Ed Massey recruited a few Indians to begin reconnaissance operations at Cananea, hoping to cajole them into accepting promises instead of wages until Greene could find more money. At first the three planned to sell off the mines outright to the highest bidder, and Greene dashed off a tempting prospectus. Early in 1899 he organized the Cobre Grande Company."

Once in New York, according to the storytellers, Greene really let himself go. In Haley's version: "He washed off the desert dust, formed the Cananea Consolidated Copper Company, and headed for New York City to raise a million. He hit the Waldorf like a western breeze, took a sumptuous suite, registered with a flourish as 'Colonel' Greene, rigged himself out in a black frock coat and big black hat, strewed five-doller tips about the place, kept the passing brokers entertained at the bar, and within one month's time actually was Colonel William C. Greene, 'the great and new copper magnate.' "

The idea that the colonel was actually a four-flusher and a fake, not really understanding his business and staying ahead of the game by fast footwork and bluff, was the product of the agencies that were always trying to force him out of control of his companies. If he had been able to stay in command, these charges might have died a natural death; but when he lost his mines, the new management understandably sought to improve its own image by downgrading Greene. Every communique issued by the new company suggested, in one way or another, that things would be better now.

The mining journals, on which scholars and historians lean heavily for facts and attitudes, changed with the times. In 1903 the *Copper Handbook* was all for Greene and declared, "There is no other mining property about which . . . such a systematic campaign of defamation is in progress." In 1911, in the colonel's obituary notice, the *Engineering and Mining Journal* stated solemnly: "The mines were valuable, but of their early management perhaps the less said the better. Colonel Greene was not a miner and under his charge a large amount of money was spent on unsystematic mining and expensive and unsuitable machinery. It was not until later, when a competent management was substituted, that success was really attained."

In view of the fact that Greene was turning out fifty million pounds of copper a year by 1906, his management could not have been entirely incompetent; nor is it fair to charge, as Marvin Bernstein does, that "Greene's great corporate structure rested on jerry-built foundations" and that his operations "were shot through and through with waste and inefficiency." The image of Greene as an amateur in both finance and mining, basically incompetent and actually a high-class confidence man, is unjust and untrue.

Almost as unjust and untrue is the image of Greene, the waster, that occurs in close combination with the image of

Continued on page 62

A general view of the concentrator and smelter at Cananea, which in 1906 produced fifty million pounds of copper.

Taken in about 1908, this photo shows the interior of the floor of the smelter converter, and the operators.

Greene exercises Cobre Grande, the quarterhorse named after his first major corporate venture.

XUM

CLEARCUT

A Conservationist Views America's Timber Industry

by Nancy Wood

Our solid base of income is forestry. What we need is to have certain classes of forest land set aside for forestry, so it is not picked on for parks and wilderness.

BERT L. COLE
Commissioner of Public Lands
State of Washington

What greater contribution could a state make to its nation than a never-ending supply of building materials to improve the American environment with better homes for everyone. Trees grow jobs—now, next year, every year—forever, as long as the wind blows, the sun shines, and man walks upon the earth.

W. D. HAGENSTEIN
Executive Vice-President
Industrial Forestry Association

Watersheds are still being denuded. Fertile valleys and industrial cities below such watersheds still suffer from erosion and floods. We are still liquidating our forest capital; still cutting our accessible forests faster than they are being replaced.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 1912

FROM THE AIR, the forests of the Pacific Northwest are a strange sight. Spread out over sixty million acres, spilling across great mountain vastness in the Cascades, the Olympics, the Siskiyous, the Coast Range, and the Sierra Nevadas, the national forests are easy to pick out, because they do not look like forests anymore. Much of them has been logged over at one time or another, and all that remain undisturbed now are the peaks, wilderness, and those virgin commercial timber stands living on borrowed time until the bulldozers move in.

The high country of northern California, Oregon, and Washington all have one thing in common—great fingers of clearcutting that spread out along the valley floors and creep up the sides of mountains to what's left. It is a nightmare of scalped mountains and slopes; of watersheds still clogged with debris from the logging of a decade ago; of second-growth forests that are pale green with deciduous trees and not the hoped-for Douglas-fir; of hundred-acre bald spots where nothing at all has grown back; of mass erosion which has moved tons and tons of earth and left gaping holes in the slopes; of a network of logging roads so extensive that

View of a terraced hillside in Bitterroot National Forest, Montana.

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF THE SIERRA CLUB

from the air it looks like a metropolitan road map in each and every national forest.

Along the crest of the wildly beautiful Cascades, there are snow and clinging mist, great jagged peaks, and plunging bowls that seem to say what eternity is all about. A few trees grow at timberline, locked in combat with nature at her intractable worst. Below that the forests begin in earnest, groves so dense that they appear as green-black masses from above, a fringe of solid life below the rock-bound pinnacles. But here where the forests ought to be left alone simply because they are what give grace and life and completion to this lofty, fearsome range, they have been cut down in place after place. Not all of them are cut yet, because some are wilderness and some are too hard to get to, but these high altitude forests are what the timbermen want next.

From the highest peak downward toward the coast, there is wave after wave of clearcutting, a patchwork quilt of use and non-use, of what escaped the chain saw and what did not. To the shore of the Pacific, to the edge of lakes and rivers and reservoirs, along highways and once fine trails, near campsites and recreation areas, through drainages and creeks and meadows, across the scenic and the unique, a plague of clearcuts has made its mark. When and if the forests grow back, there will still be the roads. When and if the forests grow back, they will be cut again. And again. In perpetuity, the timber industry insists. The only reason for a tree's existence, they say, is for it to be "harvested"—a euphemism that really means that the forest gets wiped out as fast as it grows to their definition of "maturity." The American people are expected to sacrifice their rightful interest in the national forests to satisfy an insatiable timber industry that is as dogmatic in its reasons for cutting down the trees as conservationists are in protecting what little is left.

A small book published by the Industrial Forestry Association and written by Albert C. Worrell, a forestry professor at Yale University, tells more than any other single document what the timber industry is up to, particularly in the rich Douglas-fir area of the Pacific Northwest.

Pointing out that forests occupy 80 percent of the land

This article is based on material from Clearcut, *by Nancy Wood (Sierra Club Books, ©1971 by the Sierra Club).*

XUM

area west of the crest of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon and Washington, making this the second most heavily forested region in the United States, Professor Worrell says that they are "capable of producing wood *indefinitely* and can form a permanent base for a wood-using economy. . . . They can sustain annual harvests of commercial timber *continuously*. . . . The real potential of this resource lies in the fact that forests are not necessarily exhaustible but can continue to produce wealth *indefinitely*." (Emphasis added.)

The disturbing part of this "trees ad infinitum" philosophy is that two things must happen to achieve it: All the old-growth forests must be cut down and new trees planted that must be made to grow no matter what happens to soil, watershed, and wildlife, no matter what the effects of fertilizers and pesticides may prove to have in the long run.

THE FOREST, nature notwithstanding, is to be forced into production as if it were a blast furnace. The timber industry pays lip service to aesthetics and amenities, the whole emphasis being on economics. On private lands, there is *some* attention paid to soil and watershed protection, but these policies vary from company to company. Weyerhaeuser, which owns 5.6 million acres, and Boise-Cascade, which owns or controls 6.3 million acres, appear to make a conscientious effort to manage their holdings with some degree of caution toward road construction, watershed protection, and soil drainage.

Yet even these two giants are not consistent in their logging practices everywhere. Erosion does occur, logging does take place on slopes that are too steep, fish life is threatened by logging along creek beds and dragging logs over them, successful regeneration does not always work. In general, the private timberlands are in worse shape than the national forests because there are no laws that govern their use. The old cut-and-get-out techniques that characterized late nineteenth century logging still exist, as witness the closing down of sawmills once an area has been logged out. In Humboldt County, for instance, 128 sawmills have gone out of business since 1950. Now less than a dozen major sawmills process logs directly from the field.

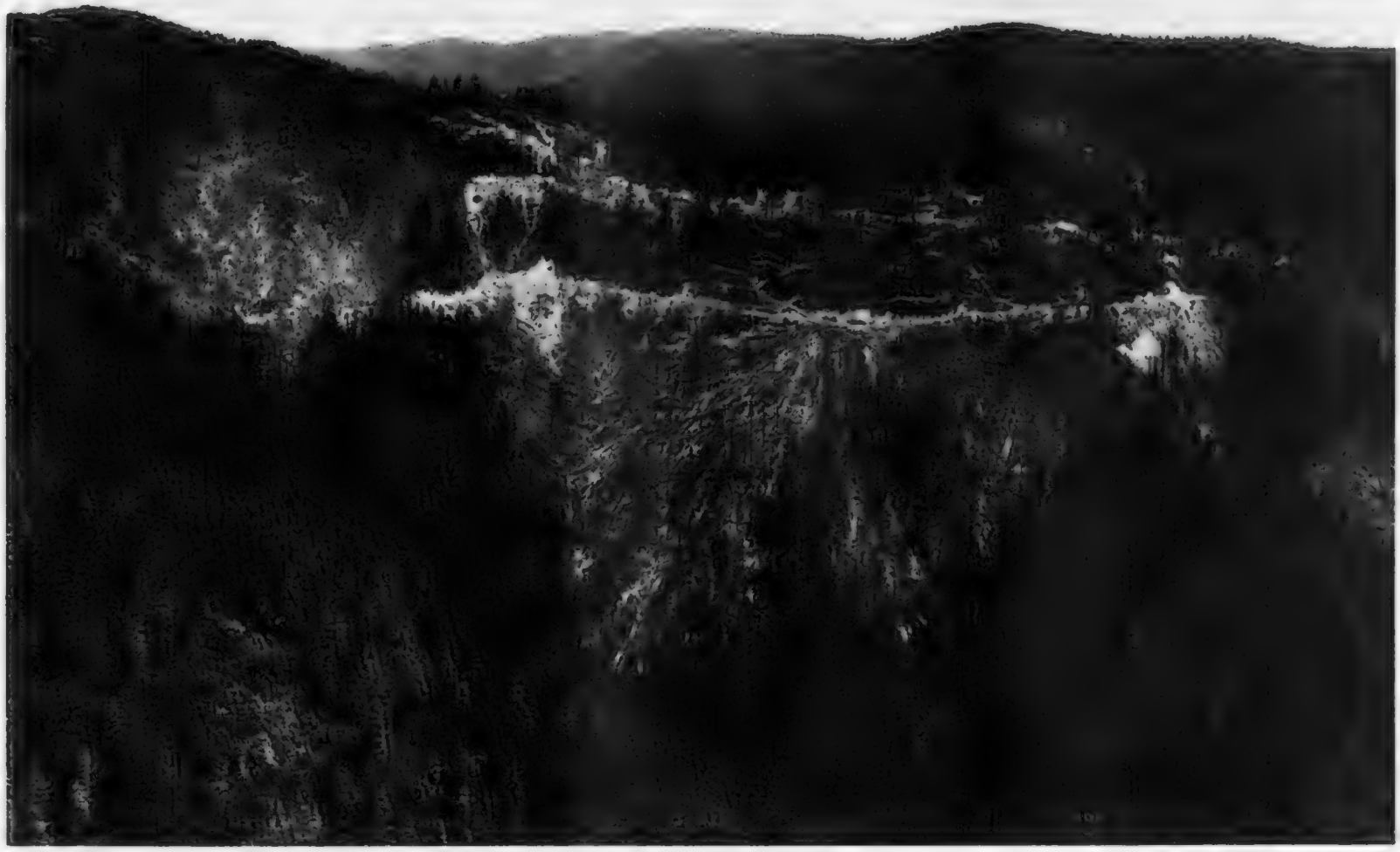
As far as the old-growth forest is concerned, the crucial areas are those in the high mountain country, the still-untouched vastness that could be included in the wilderness system. Not so if the timber industry has its way, for, just as Professor Worrell fears, "all of the public forests are under a growing pressure to set more land aside as wilderness preserves. . . . A considerable amount of these public lands may . . . be diverted to exclusive recreational use. . . . Timber management on additional areas will be subject to various kinds of restrictions aimed at preserving scenic and other forest values."

Professor Worrell insists that the wilderness forest must come down. The old-growth timber "will have to be harvested before the forests can be placed on a regulated sustained yield basis. Their [Forest Service] plans are to harvest this old-growth timber gradually. . . . There is some controversy right now over how rapidly this excess old-growth should be harvested. One school of thought maintains that it should be spread out over a long period—such as one hundred years—to allow time for regeneration of the cutover lands and growth of the new forests to merchantable size. The other feels that it should be harvested more rapidly—say in fifty years—to avoid deterioration and *take advantage of known present markets rather than depending on uncertain future markets*." (Emphasis added.) Contrary to Professor Worrell's assumption that fifty years is the *least* amount of time it would take to cut down all the old-growth forest, current figures indicate that, at the present rate of "harvesting" one million acres of de facto wilderness per year, it will take less than twenty-five years to log off what is left. Twenty-five years ago in the state of Washington, for instance, there were nine million acres of de facto wilderness. Today less than one million acres remain. Worse yet, eight hundred thousand acres of primitive areas have been withdrawn in the Pacific Northwest and reclassified as commercial timber areas.

The subject of roads that ruin these pristine areas occupies several pages in Professor Worrell's book. He says: "A fairly large part of the public forest land is not accessible

MARTIN LITTON

Logging roads traverse scraped-away mountainsides.



DAVID VAN DE MARK

"It is a nightmare of scalped mountains and slopes, . . . of hundred-acre bald spots where nothing has grown back."

by road at present. . . . More of the timber killed by fire, insects, and windthrow could be salvaged if there were adequate roads *everywhere*. From a management point of view, *it is desirable for the whole forest to be opened up as soon as possible with roads.* It will take years to accomplish this in any event, but it is desirable for it to proceed at a more rapid pace. . . . *The situation might be better if more money were appropriated directly for road construction by the public agency."* (Emphasis added.)

What this means is outright congressional appropriation to build expensive roads, some of them costing as much as one hundred thousand dollars per mile to haul out public timber for private gain. In actuality, a form of this practice exists today, but it is cleverly disguised so that it *appears* the timber companies bear the expense. What happens is that the cost of building the road is included in the Forest Service estimate of how much a particular section of trees is worth in an advertised timber sale. On a bid of, for instance, forty dollars per thousand board feet, allowance is made for the cost of building the road that indeed the logging company pays for and builds to Forest Service specifications. What happens then is that when the time comes for the timber company to pay the Forest Service for the timber it has cut, the cost of building the road is subtracted from the total amount of money the Forest Service receives in "stumpage receipts."

Indirectly, therefore, the Forest Service, and thus the American public, pays for logging roads. The Forest Service justifies this practice by saying that the roads are open to the public for recreation uses and points out that there are 98,164 miles of these timber access roads in this country. It is true that these are permanent, primary access roads, the kind that are well drained and well graded, a forest superhighway, as it were. But, this total does not represent the vast network of secondary roads running in all directions from the primary roads, a network likewise paid for by the American people but virtually unusable once the logging is finished because of erosion, steep grades, and lack of maintenance.

NO ONE KNOWS how many miles of this kind of road exist, not even the Forest Service that only admits to three hundred thousand miles of "temporary" roads. A conservative estimate is that for every mile of timber access road there are ten more miles of road used for nothing but one-time logging. If that is the case, then there are over one million miles of roads of one kind or another in our national forests. It must be pointed out that many of these so-called roads are nothing but zig-zag trails carved by bulldozers up the mountainsides, yet they are scars upon the land, nonetheless, and the forests will not grow back over them. Also,

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apart from cutting down the forests "to improve the American environment" with a never-ending flow of wood products, opening up every last mile of its backcountry appears to be the other goal of the timber industry. As Professor Worrell so aptly concludes, "If the Congress or state legislatures cannot see their way clear to increase direct appropriations for road construction, they should consider plowing back into new roads the receipts from stumpage sales that at present go into the treasury." The annual income from national forest timber sales runs as high as one hundred forty million dollars a year, a fourth of which is returned to counties where the national forests are located, to be used for county roads and schools. If Professor Worrell's theory were accepted, *all* of that money would be allocated to the construction of logging roads, presumably another argument in the "greatest good for the greatest number" theory.

The Forest Service is as deaf to arguments against road building as they are to halting clearcutting as "the major tool of sound forest management." One Forest Service publication about a timber sale somewhere on the western slope of the Cascades states: "Without roads, loggers cannot harvest timber in backcountry, nor can foresters develop, manage, or protect timber and other forest resources. The valley would be changed by the road and by this and future timber harvests, but the changes would be good for both the forest and the people."

To this one might reply, "By whose definition?"

CLYDE THOMAS

"When the forests grow back, there will still be roads."

IN A REALISTIC and practical sense, what is on these national forests is not just so many billion board feet of timber. There are the intangible values of wilderness, of unequalled opportunities to hunt and fish or simply watch the wildlife remaining in these areas. Unfortunately, the policy of the Forest Service toward these values—particularly the value of wilderness—is one of maximum exploitation of other resources, with the overwhelming emphasis on timber. This attitude toward wilderness is characterized by many in the Northwest as "search and destroy."

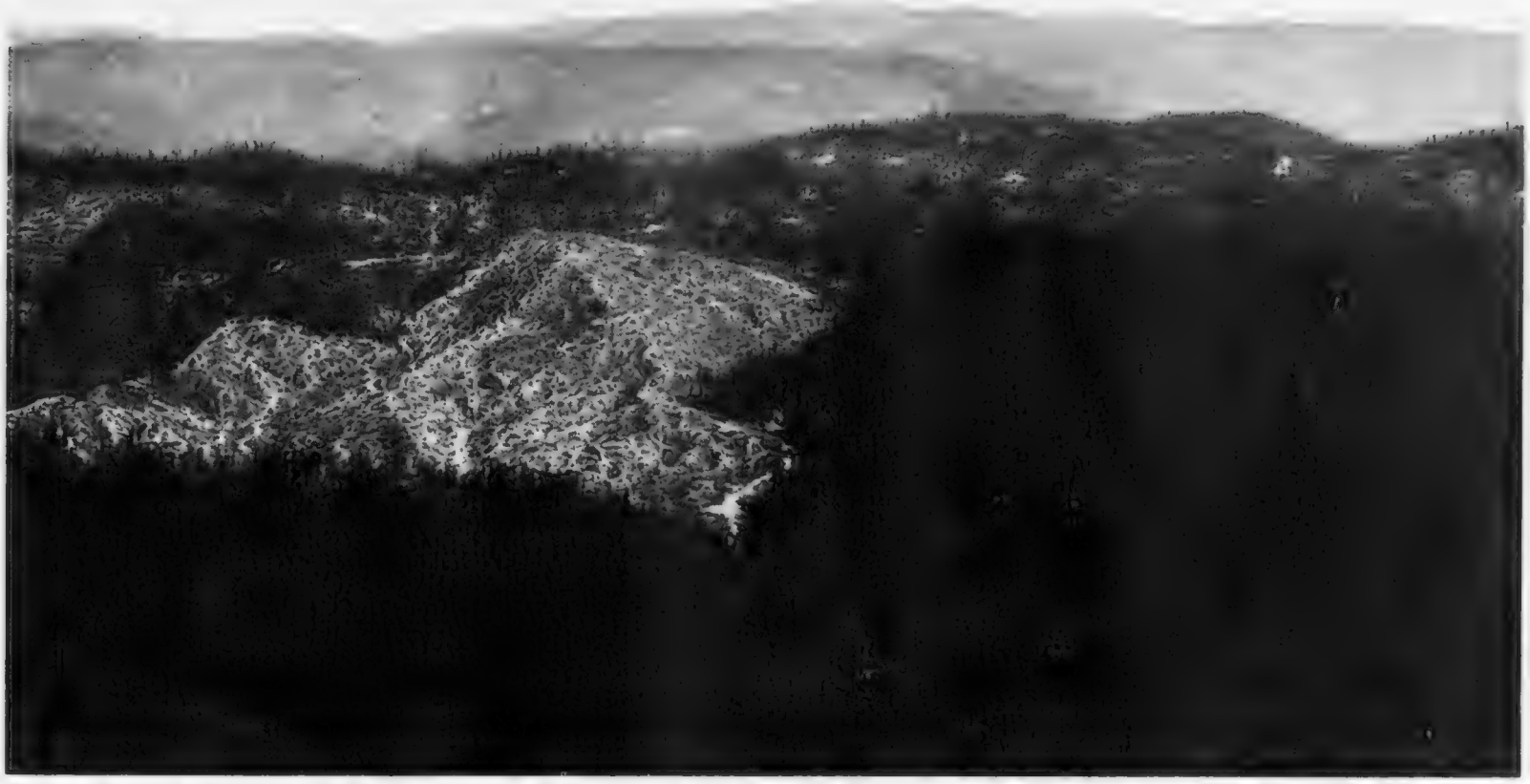
At the same time, and as a result of the same policy, an overwhelmingly excessive emphasis and concentration on the extraction and exploitation of the timber resources on the national forests has resulted in severe damage to watersheds, to wildlife habitat, and even to the productivity of the forest soils themselves.

The problem is not, as is so often stated by both the Forest Service and the timber industry, simply a matter of getting more funds for more staff to supervise timber sales. Timber is already grossly overfunded in comparison to all the other multiple use values of our national forests; timber sales and administration and logging roads get far more money in the yearly budget than most of the other uses combined. More money will simply mean more logging, not less; and most of the examples of the disastrous impact of such logging on other values come from sales that were supervised and that were laid out with the Forest Service's full knowledge that there would be environmental problems.

The problem goes deeper—far-deeper—than mere financing. It goes to the very roots and basic philosophy of the Forest Service itself. It goes to what appears to be the inherent philosophy behind the forestry profession as well. This philosophy may be perhaps best characterized by a pervasive feeling that if there are big trees that can be economically cut, they should be cut. The first emphasis is on cutting and logging, and other values are to be fit in where they can be. This is called "multiple use" planning, but it is the farthest thing from it. The American people have paid a terrible price in terms of damage to their forests already.

The list of national forests that have been raped goes on and on, like a body count with names. In Washington: the Olympic National Forest, Mount Baker, Snoqualmie, Okaogan, Gifford Pinchot, Colville, and Wenatchee. In Oregon: the Winema, Rogue River, Siuslaw, Umpqua, Mount Hood, Umatilla, Willamette. In Idaho: Kaniksu, Salmon, Boise, Lolo, Clearwater, Saint Joe, Payette, Challis. In Montana: Lewis and Clark, Kootenai, Flathead, Bitterroot. In California: Six Rivers, Tahoe, Klamath. The list of atrocities committed in these places is long, and they do not vary much in kind. It is interchangeable rape with just different place names to tell where the forest fell and took some other value with it.

In the Six Rivers National Forest, sprawling thin and narrow down from California's northern border, there are the good place names of that part of the country: Hole in the Ground, Hardscrabble, Muzzleloader, Tish Tang, Hurdygurdy, Bear Wallows, Broken Rib, and Wounded Knee. The



DAVID VAN DE MARK

"There is wave after wave of clearcutting, a patchwork quilt . . . of what escaped the chain saw and what did not."

names are good but the place is not—too many roads and too many clearcuts and too much erosion and too little attention paid to anything except logging. Although more millions of board feet come out of the Willamette National Forest in Oregon than any other national forest, there are more roads here, some six thousand miles in all with at least that much again in the planning stage. Back to back with the Klamath National Forest, with the Siskiyou National Forest squeezing against its northeast boundary, Six Rivers has some of the worst examples of timber mining in the nation. Nearly vertical slopes have been logged completely save for a few half-dead trees on the ridge top, a familiar scene throughout the Pacific Northwest.

In creek after creek, burned slash jams the watercourse, litters the slopes, precludes all fish life, and offers scant incentive for humans to camp or animals to browse. The Forest Service says it is unlawful to log across a creek bed. Yet it is done. They say it is unlawful to drag the logs uphill. Yet it is done. They say the debris is to be picked out of the creek beds. No one does it. They say culls are not to be dropped from a landing into a watershed. It is done everyday. They say bulldozers may not cross creek beds. Loggers do it anyway. Because no Forest Service representative is there during the actual cutting, loggers do as they please. The protection of the land is an optional thing, varying from logging company to logging company.

One, a "gypo" outfit (meaning a small contractor working for a logging or sawmill company—not the original connotation, which was fly-by-night) in Six Rivers had a typical logging operation moving one morning. To be cut was an entire drainage—two slopes—and the men and machines swarmed through the forest at daybreak, teams of fallers cutting the Douglas-fir, one after the other. The sharp crack of the trees splitting from the stumps, the boom of them hitting the earth, the piercing whine of the saws, the grinding of the "cats" pushing the slash to one side, the cables singing, and the mighty grappling rig dropping the logs on the trucks—all of it was smooth and accomplished by old hands at the game.

One, a tough and burly veteran of forty years as a logger, walked through the mud of a landing—the wide place on the side of the road where the logs are hauled out of the drainage and loaded. He pulled his knit cap over his ears and remarked, "If it was me I'd push this landing back a hundred feet. Hell, we got no room to work in." But the Forest Service says the landing can only be so wide, about sixty feet at most. However, it is the landing that does more damage than the logging road itself. Hundreds and hundreds of these throughout the national forests result in massive earth movement down the banks into the creeks. On any clearcut mountainside dozens of landings are visible at one time, running sores on the mountain's ravaged surface.

Not far from Broken Rib and Wounded Knee mountains, the Siskiyou Range rises in splendor—long unbroken ridges on which grow the last virgin timber stands in the state of California. Viewed from the Six Rivers National Forest, the magnificent Siskiyou Crest stands alone, roadless, unlogged, untrammelled—the site of a proposed wilderness area bitterly contested by the timber industry that has logged right up to the last valley and ridge that would form the wilderness boundary. Its future, as elsewhere where the Forest Service must choose between logging and wilderness, looks grim.

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The fourth of a series on "The Last Frontier" *by Sam Wright*

KOVIASHUKTOK

The Secret of the Eskimos' Wisdom

FOR TEN DAYS my companion and I hiked through the rugged mountains of the Brooks Range in northern Alaska. Crossing the foothills of Three River Mountain, in the center of the range, we saw there below us, our destination—the Eskimo village in Anaktuvuk Pass.

The village was a scattering of tents and turf huts, dominated by a sheet-aluminum building and a log cabin on the hill above. The aluminum building was without question a schoolhouse, with its predominant flagpole in front; the cabin, a church with a small wooden cross. Coming closer to the village, I could see people through my field glasses. A lone man was walking toward the village from the mountains across the pass, wearing a fur-edged parka and carrying a rifle, with what appeared to be a skin bag slung across his back. I noted people by a crude bridge that crossed the river to the village. That bridge was a welcome sight after days of wading icy streams.

Within a quarter of a mile of the village, the children spotted us, and five boys, ten to twelve years old, came running out through the willows, shouting, "Hello! Hello! What's your name?" Never had I been given such a welcome! Men began appearing, and we were invited into a home, where we stepped through the caribou skin-covered opening into a warm, single room of turf walls braced by poles with one center post supporting the sod roof.

The room was dominated by a large, nearly square sheet-iron stove, raised on tin cans, to the right of the doorway as we entered, and glowing with a fire of green willow sticks. Two little girls were sitting on an old sleeping bag in a corner with a caribou skin pulled over their legs. As we entered, they greeted us with smiles.

Our Eskimo host was Thomas Rulland, who had recently returned from Fairbanks, where he had been enrolled in a government Head Start program. He told us this with pride as he introduced his wife Ruth. They made coffee for us and offered us cheese and crackers. Others had quietly crowded in with us. I counted twelve people in the small room.

This was in late August of 1966, when the village was accessible only by airplane, dog team, or, as we had arrived, by foot. Having walked in from the north, from where this village was awaiting the fall migration of caribou, we were especially welcome and put on stage. We played our part, telling of our hike over one hundred miles of mountain passes and ending with the caribou we had seen at the headwaters of the Anaktuvuk River earlier in the day. This was my first meeting with these caribou-hunting Eskimos, who call themselves the *Nunamiut* ("inland people").

I knew a great deal about them statistically, as they had not escaped the ubiquitous anthropologists. In fact, it was the report of an anthropologist that led me and my student companion north of the Arctic Circle to this ancient campsite, where these people still lived as hunters of the caribou.

Because we had walked in from the caribou wilderness—a way in which no white man arrives to visit these remote people—our reception could not have been better. We immediately became part of the village life and during the following days spent hours in the tents of most of the families in the pass. When the bush pilot flew in to take us out, leaving was like saying goodbye to close friends of many years' standing.

This experience played a large part in my return two years later to explore a way of life called "Eskimo" and to make

As it has for centuries, the small Eskimo village rests near Anaktuvuk Pass, 280 miles north of Fairbanks.

my home in the northern wilderness of the Brooks Range.

In the few years since I first visited Anaktuvuk Pass, much has happened to change a way of life these Eskimos have lived for centuries. In 1966, dog teams were still the only transportation for winter hunting and trapping. Today, snow machines have replaced them.

DURING MY SECOND VISIT in 1968, enterprising old Elija Kakinya had purchased a pool table from a mail-order house and, placing it in a new tent, opened the first pool hall in Anaktuvuk Pass. Although the table frequently had to be leveled, as it stood on the pliant tundra, and a player had to be careful not to punch a hole in the canvas wall with his cue stick, it was the gathering place of young men in the style of any American town.

The most dramatic change, however, began in February of 1969. A youngster ran shouting through the village, "Tractor coming! Tractor coming!" The shout was taken up by others, and within an hour, the whole village was out to welcome the "cat train," loaded with mobile camp equipment belonging to the Alaska Department of Highways. Anaktuvuk village, whose contact with Fairbanks, 280 miles south, had been only by air, was now joined to the Alaskan road system by the Winter Haul Road through the Brooks Range to the oil fields on the North Slope. This marked the end of Anaktuvuk Pass as a small village of inland Eskimos still dependent upon migrating herds of caribou. It may have been the beginning of the end of the great caribou herds, and, thus, the end of a way of life that has sustained a people for thousands of years.

There was an echo of something out of these thousands of years still in the lives of my friends in Anaktuvuk Pass that brought me back to the wilderness north of the Arctic Circle. "Wisdom," say the Eskimos, "can be found only far from man, out in the great loneliness." What is the secret of this "wisdom" they seemed to possess, this sense of at-homeness? There is no doubt that there is an affirmative quality in their lives that makes itself felt to all who come in contact with them. They speak of it as *koviashuktok*.

To the categorizer and dictionary-maker, *koviashuktok* might be defined by such words as *joy* and *happiness*. But to categorize is itself inimical to the quality implied in *koviashuktok*. The Eskimo language is not one that simply names things that already exist, but it brings things, nouns and verbs, into being as spoken. All Eskimo words are, in effect, forms of the verb *to be*, which itself is lacking in Eskimo. The words for *snow* are unlimited, because snow never exists in itself but takes form from the actions in which it participates. It is either falling, blowing, drifting, mixed with water, on clothes, being snowshoed upon, hard or soft —distinctions made possible only when experienced in a meaningful context. Whatever exists, the Eskimo himself shares in bringing into being. With each act and statement his world is created, brought into existence, and each act accomplished is as quickly lost. His ecological relationship to the world is not passive. Man is the force that reveals form. With man creation becomes.

We pitched our tent in waist-high willows beyond the stakes where Noah Ahgook's ten sled dogs were tied. While we were preparing our dehydrated trail food, Noah brought us a full plate of a dozen, dark-brown, deep-fried

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rolls, in the shape of wolf scats. Fresh and hot from the pan of caribou fat, all were eaten with a greedy satisfaction after hours of hiking through the trailless mountain range. Thinking of them as a unique Eskimo dish, I asked Noah what they were called. He said, "Donuts."

Noah invited us to come to his tent later to listen to his radio, where we might hear news of our bush pilot and when he might fly to the pass to pick us up. His invitation was merely a way to extend the courtesy of a visit to his dwelling. Noah and I both knew that a change of plans, necessitating a radio message from the bush pilot who was not to pick us up for a few days, was not really to be expected.

Noah and his wife Lela, his adoptive father Jesse, and their four small children, occupy an eight-by-twelve-foot tent during the summer, as do nearly all the people of the village. A few families remain in their one-room turf dwellings during winter, but most of the winter huts have a floor sunken below ground level where water collects, and are dark and dank. Soon after spring break-up, as the snow begins to melt, families move into their summer tents until freeze-up in early October.

Carefully avoiding the dogs chained a short distance from the front of the tent, I called, "Hello," at the entrance, and we stepped inside. No one rose from where he was seated, but people shifted about for us to find a place on the floor, and my *Nuliak* (wife) curled her legs beneath her on the willow branches next to me. There were nods and fleeting smiles of acceptance and recognition of a wife who had shared the arctic winter alone with her man, particularly as she was not an Eskimo.

"You like it alone in the mountains when it cold and the sun gone?" she was asked.

Her response was that it had been a good experience, not at all depressing as she thought it might be, and that she was looking forward to the coming winter.

"You get pretty lonesome for others, I think. Now you know how it is for Eskimo in older times." Then turning to me, Lela said, "It good to see you again, Sam. You look younger. Maybe you cut your *umik*, eh?"

I felt my beard and everyone laughed. There was a long pause, with only the sound of the battery-operated radio, children playing, and dogs barking in the distance, while Lela continued scraping the skin on her lap.

The Ahgooks' summer tent had a floor of willow branches supplemented by a four-by-five-foot piece of plywood near the entrance. The oblong sheet-iron stove occupied the area to the right of the entrance next to an open shelf cupboard with canned fruit, lard, canned milk, a cracker box, a roll of toilet paper, and a loaf of plastic-wrapped commercial bread. On the other side of the entrance was a low table, not more than fifteen inches high, on which food was served and where the coffee pot and crackers were placed for our convenience. The far end of the shelter was made into an alcove by a canvas canopy draped two feet below the tent ridgepole. There, blankets, skins, and clothing were hung. Below, caribou skins and blankets covered two mattresses on the ground, where members of the family lounged and where the four children, grandfather, and their parents apparently slept.

Two caribou skin masks, made for sale to tourists through traders, were hung from a tent pole, along with certificates of completion of Head Start courses held last summer. From the radio, wired to a pole overhead, came the airplane and weather reports, as well as the latest rock tunes from the Fairbanks stations. It was incongruous, two hundred miles from the nearest road, to hear the announcer encouraging the listener to "get away from it all in a new Mercury with the floating shift," and to "buy your new home in the subdivision with shopping convenience, a heated two-car garage, and two baths."

"SEE ANY CARIBOU?" Noah's question is the first one asked of anyone coming to the village. He had asked it of me before, but this time it was to open a conversation in which all might join, for to the Eskimo, to speak of caribou is to speak of life itself.

I said that I had seen a band of about ten, two days east of Anaktuvuk, with a lot of calves.

"Pretty good," he said. "Maybe many caribou soon."

We talked at length about caribou and how many are needed for the year. It seemed unbelievable to them that five or six were all we needed at our place at Koviashuvik, and laughed as if I had made a joke.

When I pointed out that we had no dogs to feed, old Jesse asked something in Eskimo, and Lela translated. "How you pull your sled?"

I pantomimed my role as sled-puller, which brought peals of laughter.

Noah said he could carry four carcasses on his sled, and that he killed about a hundred caribou a year to feed his family and sled dogs. "You should have dog, Sam. Sometime when there no caribou like in early days ago, you can eat the dog." No one laughed.

As if on cue, the dogs outside the tent began to howl, and it was picked up by others in the village, until the howling and barking drowned out any conversation. Then it ceased as quickly as it had begun, with a few final barks as if a couple were determined to get in the last word.

"You should have a dog," Noah repeated, "maybe three." Then he got up and added some willow sticks to the coals in the stove and offered us a second cup of coffee.

I was curious to know the villagers' view of the native land claims issue and what they thought it could mean to them when and if an agreement was reached in Congress. The official village view on such matters, evolved from discussion at the village council, was the one always presented

when such a direct question was asked of the residents.

It is not easy to learn what a villager really thinks, for it is the custom of these mountain people to consider a person's question and to tell him what they believe he most wants to hear.

I remember once asking Kakinya if it was very far to a particular lake on the North Slope. He sized up the question in terms of my obvious wish to visit the lake and answered, "It not far. Easy travel." Then, "Maybe you better take plenty supplies."

When I checked the topographic map, I discovered the lake to be over seventy air miles, across four mountain passes, and three rivers away! After pointing this out to Kakinya, he said, "It plenty far, all right."

I APPROACHED the native land claims question obliquely by recalling the election day when I was first in the village in 1966 and asking if the log church was still used as a polling place.

That particular Tuesday, the twenty-third of August, made a deep impression on me as these Americans at the top of the world cast their ballots. I recall the soft clucking sounds of the Eskimo language, so new to me then, as Simon Paneak and Jack Ahgook explained voting procedures to the older citizens, breaking into English with such words as, "Democrat" and "Republican." The ballot box was a paper bag thumbtacked to the edge of a table, and an empty crayola box received the ballot number stubs. Nunamiuts came in, one or two at a time, voted, chatted a while, asked about our hundred-mile hike over the passes of the range, and then the inevitable question, "See any caribou?" This usually led to a discussion of other animals, such as wolves or moose, and where we had seen them. As for the voting, it was soon evident that there was a wide gap between the "official" view and that of the voters—the "official" view holding how significant an act voting was. But when one relatively young Eskimo was asked, "Ready to vote," his response was, "Same old *anak!* No matter who I vote for, nothing changes in Anaktuvuk, but give me a piece of paper to vote." Another comment was, "Promises, promises, everyone wants to be elected. They say what they will do for the villages, but it is just wind."

I added this recollection of the comments made on election day to my question about the church as a polling place, and inferred that the native land claims issue also carried many promises.

"Yes, I think there is too much talk about what we get," Noah said. "Some people think they will get money, because this village is very poor. But I don't think so. Maybe a new school, perhaps. I don't know. It not good to think too much about it." He blew the smoke from his cigarette and watched it stream in front of him. "We born here. Eskimo hunt caribou and live in the mountains before any white men come. This our home. If we get money, maybe we cannot hunt any more." There was a long pause, then, "It pretty good to have money though!" And we all laughed long and loud.

PHOTOS BY BILLIE WRIGHT

The author calls to a snoozing sled dog, occupying the roof of a turf hut which has been abandoned in the summer in favor of a canvas lodging. In the distance the two-room school building overlooks the village of Anaktuvuk.

Two children came into the tent and crawled under a caribou skin on the mattress, giggling to each other. They were soon sound asleep.

We got up and, after thanking our hosts for the coffee and crackers, made our way around the dogs and crawled into the sleeping bags in our own small tent.

A wolf howled in the distance, and the village dogs picked up the cry, echoing it back through the mountains, a sound familiar to men in this campsite for thousands of years. Here they had come in the spring and fall to hunt the caribou migrating over the mountain pass. Here children had been born, and here the old, who could no longer follow the sled, had walked out into the cold to sleep forever. Here they had learned *koviashuktok*, and here the machinery of the modern world was already rolling over the land to bring its own brand of progress to these Americans of the Far North.

As if she read my thoughts, Nuliak said, "I wonder what will happen to *koviashuktok*. There seems so little of it left in the world."

Sam Wright, *professor of social ecology, is presently living in, observing, and writing about northern Alaska.*

XUM

High Country in Season
THE GREAT SIERRA NEVADA

by Paul Webster

FOR WEEKS the sky over the Sierra Nevada has been clear—the sun warm through the middle hours of the day, the nights crisp at first and then cold. An occasional high, thin cloud has come and gone, but since the middle of September it has rained just once, and only a little then.

Picnic spots beside the highways have hardly been used for many weeks, and the deer hunters are almost invisible in small camps off the main, traveled ways. On seven of the eight roads through the mountains, occasional cars whiz up and down but only a few stop. On the eighth road, the interstate highway, it is business as usual—people just passing through a corridor to someplace else. Birds have been disappearing quietly. Deer, spooked by hunters by day and answering some herd memory by night, have been migrating down slopes toward the foothills. Bear have nearly finished their autumn gorging and are cruising the country for a wintering place. Small animals run busily but do not roam far.

Men who have been operating summer resorts nail up the last shutters; men who will operate winter resorts are taking their shutters down. Road crews have bolted blades onto their trucks and oiled up the big rotary snow-throwers. Lake tenders for power companies and irrigation districts have finished their chores, and the ditch and highline crews are checking foul-weather gear. Logging equipment has been taken to the lowlands; forest fire crews are gone; lookout towers are locked; all over the range the scattered but numerous business and pleasure buildings have been boarded up—all but those in the ski areas. The annual winter drama of the Sierra Nevada is about to begin.

It is routine enough. Winds from the southwest sweep across the lower Pacific, picking up moisture. In late October and early November, most years, the winds are not strong on the surface, and the mass of wet air does not move swiftly, but it moves steadily. (Later will come the storms out of the North Pacific, a different kind of a storm with a different kind of power.) As the mass starts lifting along the foothills, impelled by pressure from behind and forced up by the terrain, the temperature is around 40 degrees at ground level, the moisture still in the form of vapor, visible now as an increasing cloudiness. But the bottom of the mass is sliding up the slope, climbing 150 to 300 feet in each mile of travel, and the clouds are being lifted and compressed, getting thicker. The wind at valley level is about 20 miles an hour. At 5,000 feet above sea level, in the pine and fir forest, the air is below freezing, the wind about 35 miles an hour. At 10,000 feet, above the level of the main highway passes, the air is 20 degrees, wind 50 miles an hour. Up near the top of the storm, higher than the topmost peaks, the temperature is around zero, and wind may be moving at 75 or 80 miles an hour.

Water vapor cannot remain vapor at low temperatures like these. As it cools, rain starts falling while the mass is still moving. At around 32 degrees, the vapor snaps directly into snow, crystallizing into tiny six-sided drops which lock together into larger florets. In the foothills rain is noisily drumming on the roofs and bounding off the pavements. In the mountains snow is falling quietly and steadily. It will not pile up immediately unless the ground has been frozen earlier, but even as it melts and is absorbed into the summer-dry ground, it starts its timeless work of growth and change.

THE LAST VOLCANIC ACTION ended in the Sierra perhaps a million years ago. The last major glaciers withdrew to small protected cirques or disappeared possibly ten or twenty thousand years ago. It has been millions of years since sediments were deposited by lakes and seas, and rocks were formed by settling, heat, and pressure. So, except for some wind erosion, the silent chemical work of lichens, and the

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This article is based on The Mighty Sierra: Portrait of a Mountain World, *to be published by American West Publishing Company in the spring of 1972.*

Autumn splashes color all through the Sierra, as here among the boulders in the valley of Yosemite National Park.

ED COOPER

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DAVID MUENCH

levering of rocks by roots throughout the year, the shaping of the mountains is now done mostly by winter and the runoff that follows it.

The first rains wet the ground. Moisture seeps into cracks and crannies. Freezing comes, sometimes before and sometimes after the first snow (parts of the Sierra have fewer than two months of frost-free days). When water freezes to ice, it expands, exerting force sufficient to crack boulders. On some of the onion-skin domes, ice pries loose slabs bigger than houses, which crash down the slopes shattering as they go. The process is seldom so spectacular, but year after year it changes the shape of the mountains. In the new cracks and crevices, small pockets of soil start to form; plants will grow there eventually. The plants will add to the habitat of insects or rodents or birds; the smaller creatures will be food for larger ones; the cycle of life continues, altered ever so slightly by each change in the terrain.

Some of the early snow melts; some of it stays and becomes the base on which later storms build the tremendous snow packs of January, February, and March. More than seventy feet piles up in some places. The first melting makes small rivulets; these move soil, gravel, and pebbles. Later runoff will pour great floods of water down every draw, every gulley, every valley, and at its crest huge boulders will be rolled and jolted along, moved by the great force. Some years bridges, highways, and cities are moved, too.

As the storms increase in frequency and power, the snow piles deeper and deeper. The permanent snow fields that lasted all summer merge with the overall white covering, and the fifty or sixty small glaciers start to grow again. When new snow falls on packed and slicked old snow, or when the wind whips cornices on the lee side of a high ridge, avalanches are born—avalanches which may move tons of rock and soil as well as snow and which can sheer the top from a sizable grove of trees or fill a lake with debris.

Lakes freeze, but never all the way to the bottom, and snow piles on the ice. The snow gets deeper and deeper—ten feet, twenty feet, thirty or more, except on the highest and barest places where the wind blows most. Unless an unusual warm rain comes, there is little melting in the winter months, even on the frequent sunny days when skiers and snowmobilers get sunburned noses while their feet are freezing, because the sun's rays are reflected from the dazzling surface.

FROM A DISTANCE the snowbound Sierra seems still and motionless. But there is constant movement, greatest along the highways and at ski slopes, where people and their appurtenances snort, smoke, grind, squawk, roar, pop, and screech—lesser but just as significant farther out, where a limber fir tree slips loose a branchload of wet snow, a rodent

The familiar face of El Capitan, towering above the Merced River, looks strangely luminous in the winter sunset.

XUM

RON GREENE KELLEY

Presently accessible only on foot over a long and rough path, the remote valley of Mineral King, in the southern part of the Sierra, is planned for extensive recreational development, over the vigorous protests of conservation groups.

squeaks once just before the hawk strikes, the wind whispers or howls through the forest, an overburdened tree breaks and falls, or an avalanche thunders down a high slope with a tremendous roar.

While the first few snowfalls are setting the stage, however, not much moves. Hibernating animals are denned up, and the non-hibernators are sleeping until a break in the weather comes. It snows hardest at middle elevations, even more than at the crest; and once the snow starts to stick, the drifts and pack pile up astonishingly fast. For a day or two the soft white layer may be almost untracked; typical Sierra snow is light and fluffy, and moving in it is difficult. Then, as it compacts and hardens, a rabbit ventures forth, and other small animals such as squirrels, chickarees, and perhaps mice. When they are out, a coyote or bobcat or marten is sure to follow. Coyote tracks are the most common, tracing an erratic hunt from tree base, along a partly buried rail fence, around the base of a boulder, in and out of the branches of a fallen pine. At lower elevations, deer yard up and eat what they can reach, handicapped in snow by their slender feet; winter is hard on deer, especially if they have not gone low enough on the slopes or if the snow falls below its usual line.

IN THE INEVITABLE SPELL of clear, sunny weather, skiers flock to the civilized slopes, and farther out the modest number of ski-tourers in pairs and small groups start leaving their slim tracks in a climbing pattern up the ridges, then in long sweeping paths down the steep hillsides. An occasional snowshoer makes his trudging marks up along the contours. Then the snowmobiles come out, penetrating farther back than the others, leaving deep marks in the snow and a scent of gasoline and oil in the air. Workmen, using all kinds of transportation from snowshoes through large tracked vehicles to helicopters, go to their maintenance and repair work on power lines, communication wires, water canals, dam installations, microwave stations, and airway beacons. All people on the surface are playing or working within a reasonable distance of a road end, perhaps ten or twenty miles at the most, although the helicopters may go in more deeply. Even in mid-

The passing of winter and the melting of snow; from Moro Rock toward Kaweah Canyon, in Sequoia National Park.

DAVID MUENCH

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GERHARD BAKKER

Wherever vegetation can get a foothold, it does so, narrowing down the streams and helping to fill the valleys.

winter there are as many open, sunny days as there are stormy days, making life and activity possible.

Winter starts changing to spring in March or April, although it may snow in May or June, and some spring flowers do not appear at alpine elevations until August, for the Sierra is a complex place and does not lend itself to generalities. On an Easter Sunday, garden and wildflowers may be in full bloom in the foothills at 2,500 feet while at 7,000 feet there may be twenty feet of snow, and the airline distance between the two elevations may be only twenty or thirty miles.

While the snow is soft and melting, human activity slows down and plant and animal life picks up. Small animals are out every day; insects of special kinds appear at the edges of snow banks and birds appear to eat them. Where water trickles out from the melting edge, plants start to grow—but almost imperceptibly because the temperature drops below freezing in the early hours of every morning; differences of forty to fifty degrees are recorded in the same day. The changes in temperature affect the streams; fast melting in midafternoon raises the water level and velocity for a few hours, and the night's freeze cuts it back, so that sometimes waterfalls start and stop on a daily schedule. Farther down the mountain, aquatic life in the rivers adjusts to the daily rise and fall. During the spring, the big dams in the foothills fill to carry the state through the arid summer.

If Memorial Day is marked by good weather, and particularly if it comes at the end or beginning of a week and makes a three-day holiday possible, the influx of human beings into the mountains begins. Fishermen have been in and out since earlier in the month, but for the cabin owner and resort owner, Memorial Day is an aiming point. June, July, and August, all with benign weather, bring human and nonhuman activity to a peak; then, in the beautiful Indian summer before the storms start again, human activity tapers off and the animals and plants are busy once more beating the deadline of snow.

Paul Webster, *for many years active in the journalism field in the West, has covered a great deal of the Sierra Nevada.*

Summer reaches even the high mountainsides, as in this scene looking toward Minaret Summit.

DAVID MUENCH

Overleaf: Sunrise over Lake Tahoe, looking eastward from Emerald Bay toward Nevada.

DAVID MUENCH

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A Crow Chief's Tribute to the Unknown Soldier

by John C. Ewers

IN THE TROPHY ROOM overlooking the tombs of America's unknown soldiers in Arlington Cemetery are displayed numerous tributes to our unknown soldier of World War I. Some of them were formally presented by high officials of the Allied nations during the solemn funeral services on November 11, 1921—a half century ago.

Among them are the highest military honors that could be bestowed by great nations of the world--the Victoria Cross of the British Empire, the Croix de Guerre of France, the Gold Medal of Bravery of Italy, and the Congressional Medal of Honor of the United States. Yet officials at Arlington Cemetery have said that the objects of greatest interest to prominent foreign visitors in this room are none of these. They are a magnificent eagle feather bonnet and decorated coup stick displayed against a black background. They are simply labeled in small type: "Chief Plenty Coups, American Indians."

The exhibition of Chief Plenty Coups's bonnet and coup stick, as it is today in Arlington Cemetery.

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

THE UNITED STATES
INFANTRY ASSOCIATION
IN MEMORY
OF THE
UNKNOWN
DOUGHBOYS
OF THE
WORLD WAR
XUM

US ARMY PHOTOGRAPH

The burial services for the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery, November 11, 1921, with the War Mothers, representing the United States and Great Britain respectively (center right) and Chief Plenty Coups (center left).

MANY AMERICAN INDIANS served with honor on the battlefields of World War I. Surely our unknown hero of that conflict may have been an Indian. But who suggested that the Indians should be represented in the ceremonies at Arlington and who selected the aged Crow chief Plenty Coups to represent them does not appear to be recorded. Perhaps General Hugh L. Scott, a long-time student of Indian life and leading authority on the Indian sign language, who served as a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners after he retired as chief of staff of the United States Army in 1917, had a part in making these decisions.

Certainly the selection of Plenty Coups as the Indians' representative was a wise one. His tribe, the Crows on the Yellowstone River in Montana, had been renowned as warriors since white traders first learned of them during the late years of the eighteenth century. They were a small tribe, surrounded by enemies—the Blackfoot on the north, the Sioux on the east, the Cheyenne to the south, and the Shoshoni to the west. Traders, who knew both the bitterness of intertribal warfare and the richness of the Crow country, feared that the Crows would be exterminated by their numerous and powerful enemies. Yet the Crows managed to survive as a tribe despite problems with neighboring groups.

They were friends of the whites. In the Indian Wars of the latter half of the nineteenth century, they became allies of the United States Army against their traditional enemies, the Sioux and Cheyenne, and Crow scouts served a number of army commanders in their campaigns on the northern plains. Some 176 Crow allies may have averted a decisive defeat for General George Crook and his troops in the Battle of the Rosebud during the early summer of 1876.

In 1921 Plenty Coups was probably the last surviving war chief to have earned his rank in the intertribal wars. Born in 1847, he won a high reputation as a warrior while still a young man. By the time he was twenty-six years of age, he had counted at least one of each of the major coups the Crows demanded of a man whom they recognized as a war chief—striking the first enemy in battle, capturing a gun, taking a tethered horse from the enemy's camp, and leading a successful war party. When the Crows sent a delegation of prominent men to Washington on tribal business in 1880, Plenty Coups was their leader. After the death of Pretty Eagle in 1903, Plenty Coups became recognized as the principal chief of his tribe. He retained the loyalty of his own

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

President Harding (center) and the Indian delegation. Left to right: John Frost, interpreter; Chief Plenty Coups; Charles H. Burke, commissioner of Indian Affairs; Harding; Stranger Horse; Amos Red Owl; and Clement Whirlwind Soldier.

people and the respect of the whites across the country.

When the United States declared war in 1917, Plenty Coups was seventy years old. He regretted that he was too old to fight for his country, but he encouraged his young men to volunteer for service.

Plenty Coups's bonnet, which attracts so many visitors to the trophy room in Arlington, is not a headdress specially made for display. Its row of eagle feathers, finely beaded brow band, and long trailer of bright red flannel with eagle feathers attached comprise something more than a typical Crow war bonnet. Doubtless it was carefully refurbished before the 1921 ceremony, but it had a longer history. This bonnet was highly prized among the Crows because the crown was composed entirely of the center tail feathers of eagles. Its earliest known owner was Wet, a renowned Crow warrior of Plenty Coups's generation. He transferred the headdress to another Crow named Moon, who in turn transferred it to Plainfeather about the year 1912. Plainfeather, the adopted son of Plenty Coups, later gave the bonnet to Plenty Coups, who may have asked for it because the center tail feathers of eagles were part of his own sacred medicine.

The history of the beaded and feathered coup stick is not known. However, aged Crow Indians remember that Plenty Coups had been accustomed to carry a long, feathered coup stick on ceremonial occasions for a number of years prior to 1921.

The Hardin Montana *Tribune,* a newspaper published on the Crow Reservation, announced in its issue of November 4, 1921: "Chief Plenty Coups has been selected to represent all American Indians at the burial ceremonies of the unknown soldier at Arlington Cemetery, November 11, and will leave with his interpreter, John Frost, Saturday morning. This is a special honor conferred upon this old chief and on the Crow Indians. He is asked to bring his finest Indian regalia and to deposit a war bonnet and coup stick in the grave with the decorations of other nations."

Many veterans of America's wars were coming to Washington for the solemn ceremonies. Among them was aging, handsome General Nelson A. Miles, well remembered by the Crows as commanding officer of Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone. In heavy snow during January 1877, he had fought Crazy Horse on Tongue River—on lands that had belonged to the Crows. Later that same year, he had pursued Sitting Bull as he moved northward toward political asylum in

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PLENTY COUPS MEMORIAL

In this photo, probably taken before the actual ceremony, Plenty Coups stands by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Canada, and had accepted the surrender of the remnant of Nez Percé under Chief Joseph near the Bear Paw Mountains in Montana. Miles had employed Crow scouts during his military operations on the Montana plains.

President Warren G. Harding received the Indian delegation to the ceremonies on the White House lawn. There they gave the president a beaded and quilled tobacco pouch, and were photographed with Charles H. Burke, commissioner of Indian Affairs. Besides Plenty Coups and his interpreter, the Indians included Stranger Horse of the Oglala Sioux, Amos Red Owl of the Brulé Sioux, and their interpreter, Clement Whirlwind Soldier.

Plenty Coups was not the only Indian to participate in the formal ceremonies on November 11. One of the pallbearers who carried the casket into the crowded amphitheater and placed it on the catafalque shortly before noon was Thomas D. Saunders, a Cheyenne from Oklahoma, who had been awarded the French Croix de Guerre for valor.

At noon the choir led the entire assemblage in singing "America." Then the president of the United States delivered the eulogy. Among the notables on the platform behind him was Marshal Ferdinand Foch, commander in chief of all the Allied forces in World War I. Wearing his bonnet and full Indian regalia, Chief Plenty Coups sat beside General John J. Pershing, who had commanded the American forces in France and who, as a young officer, had served at Fort Assiniboine on the Montana frontier.

The ceremonies in the amphitheater concluded with the decoration of the unknown soldier with the highest military awards of the United States and our Allied nations by President Harding, Belgian Lieutenant General Baron Jacques, British Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty, French Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Italian General Armando Diaz, the Czechoslovak minister Dr. Hedrich Stepanek, and the Polish minister Prince Lubomirski.

The casket was then slowly carried from the amphitheater to the sarcophagus on the broad terrace overlooking the Potomac River and the nation's capitol.

THREE MEN and two women participated in the graveside ceremonies. Chaplain Brent read the burial service. Congressman Hamilton Fish of New York, who had introduced the legislation providing for the selection and honoring of the unknown soldier, placed a wreath upon the tomb. A second and a third wreath were placed on the tomb by Mrs. R. Emmett Digney and Mrs. Julia McDudden on behalf of the American War Mothers and British War Mothers respectively.

Finally Plenty Coups approached the tomb.

The New York *Times* reported: "When the aged Indian with finely chiseled profile removed his own feathered war bonnet and placed it tenderly on the marble edge of the sarcophagus and then lifted his arms in supplication toward Heaven, it constituted one of the outstanding features of the whole remarkable ceremony."

Perhaps no one in the vast audience, estimated at one hundred thousand people, who covered the Arlington hillside, was prepared for the old chief's next action. Four days before the ceremony General William Lassiter had sent Plenty Coups a copy of the formal program. His accompanying letter stated, "The program provides for no speeches or addresses except the address which the President of the United States will deliver." Yet as he stood alone beside the tomb, the old warrior could not refrain from saying what was in his heart.

He spoke in the Crow language, in a voice charged with emotion. Extant translations of his words differ. The usually impeccable New York *Times* rendered them thusly:

"I feel it an honor to the red man that he takes part in this great event, because it shows that the thousands of In-

PLENTY COUPS MEMORIAL

Also present at the ceremony was Marshal Ferdinand Foch, commander in chief of all Allied forces in World War I, and here photographed with Plenty Coups, the chief of the Crow nation.

dians who fought in the great war are appreciated by the white man.

"I am glad to represent all the Indians of the United States in placing on the grave of this noble warrior this coup stick and war bonnet, every eagle feather of which represents a deed of valor by my race.

"I hope that the Great Spirit will grant that these noble warriors have not given up their lives in vain and that there will be peace to all men hereafter.

"This is the Indian's hope and prayer."

The artillery at Fort Myer fired three salvos. Bugles sounded taps. And the body of "an American soldier known only to God" was lowered gently into the crypt.

John C. Ewers, *senior ethnologist at the Smithsonian Institution, has studied the history and ethnology of the Plains Indians for nearly forty years. His most recent book in the field is* Indian Life on the Upper Missouri *(1968).*

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

On the author's behalf, Joe Medicine Crow of the Crow Reservation and Stuart Conner of Billings, Montana, questioned elderly Crow Indians regarding the history of Plenty Coups's war bonnet and coup stick. Gratitude is expressed to them and to their informants, one of whom, Plainfeather, had presented this historic headdress to Plenty Coups, and also to the Cemetery Branch, Department of the Army, the National Archives, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Library of Congress, and the Plenty Coups Memorial in Pryor, Montana, for information both published and archival relating to Plenty Coups's role in the formal ceremony in Arlington on November 11, 1921. Frank Bird Linderman's fine biography of Chief Plenty Coups, *American,* includes only passing mention of this important episode in the chief's life. General Hugh L. Scott's personal copy of that book, preserved in the Anthropological Library of the Smithsonian Institution, contains a brief handwritten statement on the event (presumably written by the general himself).

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS: COURTESY OF THE BANCROFT LIBRARY

Indian game at the mission (from Voyage Pittoresque Autour du Monde, *by Ludovik Choris, 1822).*

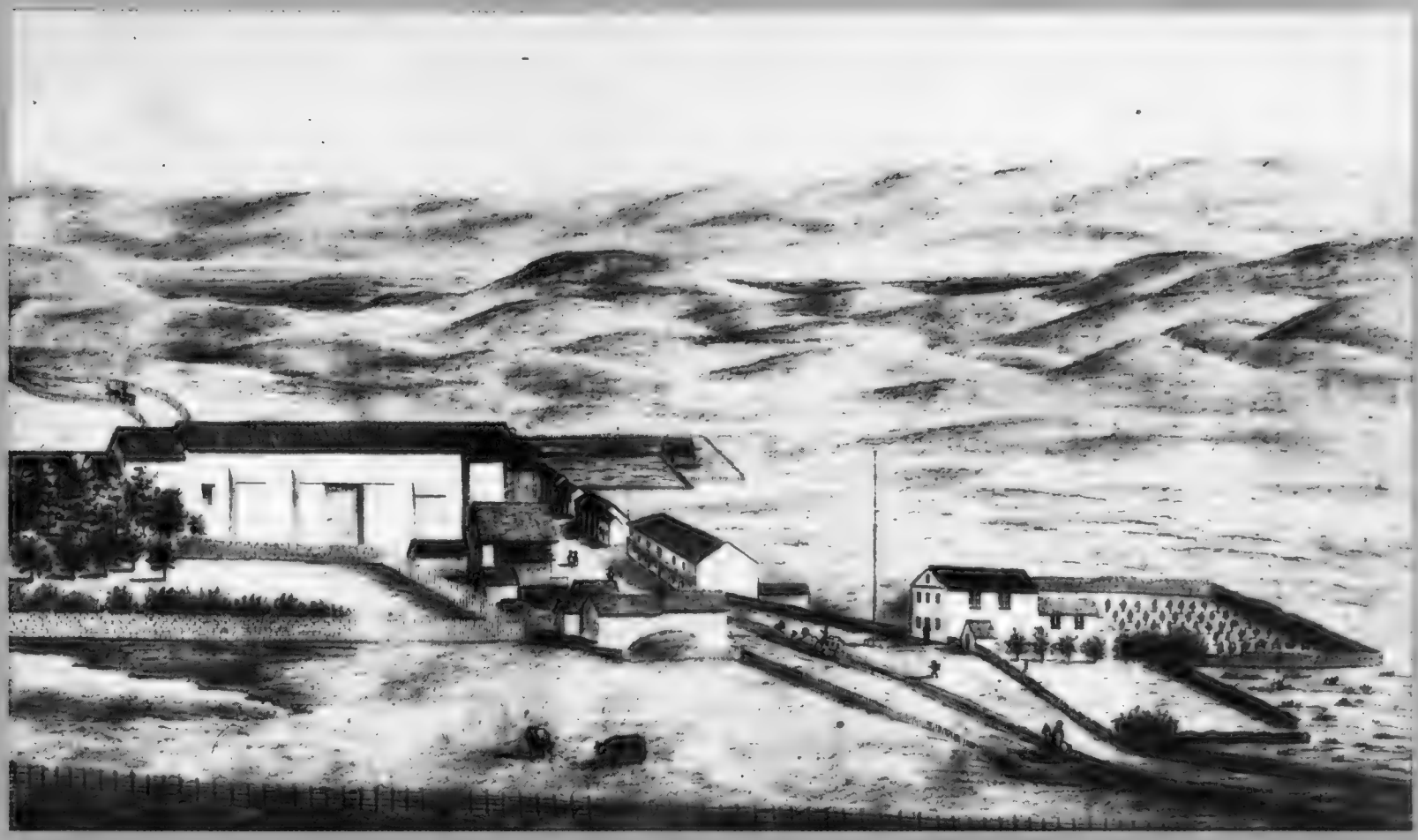
BUILDING A NEW WORLD

JOSE DE GALVEZ, the man responsible for the long-delayed settlement of California, was imaginative, vain, charming, and roughshod in his ambitions. He was also emotionally unstable. Not long after launching the California adventure in 1769, he went briefly mad, proposing among other things to import six hundred apes from Guatemala, dress them as soldiers, and turn them loose to confound his enemies. When lucid, however, he was able to exploit on the instant the faintest tap of opportunity.

Spain at that time was badly in need of virtuosity. During the Seven Years War she and her ally France had been totally humiliated. The Treaty of Paris (1763) had made England the dominant power of North America by awarding her the Floridas, the eastern part of the Mississippi Valley, and all Canada. British scientific expeditions were already prowling the South Pacific, and inevitably their curious eyes would soon turn toward the empty coastlines in the North.

How resist? Revenues from the New World had dried up, strife was widespread, trade stagnated, corruption was rampant. Immigrants simply would not venture from Spain to Mexico in numbers comparable to the shiploads pouring out of northern Europe into England's Atlantic colonies. Yet if Spain hoped to patch together her tattered glories in America, some rectification of the problems had to be found. Such was Gálvez's assignment in Mexico.

California tempted him. By forestalling British lodgement on its hazily known littoral, he could screen Mexico's northwestern frontier against possible overland drives against the silver mines of Zacatecas. In addition, there would be great glory, both personal and national, in showing the world that Spain, too, could still roll back the unknown.



An early lithograph of Mission San José, showing orchards and cattle, drawn by Henry Miller.

The White Man's Mighty Effort to Civilize the First Californians

by David Lavender

Unfortunately, times were not right. The government wanted Mexico's internal weaknesses corrected first. Not the least of those problems were the Apache and Seri Indians. Their ferocious strikes in Sonora and southern Arizona had devastated ranches and mines, and had forced the closing of the Jesuit missions that once had reached as far north as present Tucson. They had to be brought back to heel, not only for the sake of the countryside, but also because they sat astride of a possible land route to California.

ANOTHER PROBLEM erupted with the sudden expulsion of the Jesuits from all Spanish territories. Overnight their missions in northwestern Mexico and in Baja California were transferred to the Franciscans. The inevitable result of the changeover was massive confusion.

In order to reorganize affairs in Baja California, Gálvez started for La Paz on the gulf side of the peninsula in the spring of 1768. Couriers overtook him along the way with garbled rumors, gathered by a secret agent in St. Petersburg, that Russia planned to colonize North America from Siberia.

The tap of opportunity! How seriously he took the reports and how aware he was of the vast distances involved (available maps, made 160 years before by Sebastián Vizcaíno, reached only as far as present Oregon)—those points are uncertain. But he knew how to exploit the message. The Russians had to be checkmated, and that would justify, even in those turbulent times, a move to occupy California. Moreover, he could avoid the quicksands of Sonora by using the missions of Baja California as a starting point.

This turning toward the missions is revealing of the times. The Indians had furnished the sinew for Spanish expansion

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in the New World since Pope Alexander VI's division of the New World between Spain and Portugal. In return for promulgating that sweeping Bull, Alexander had demanded that the new owners of the land lift its pagan dwellers into the bosom of the Church.

Those responsible for the elevation, first the brutal *encomenderos* and then the more kindly Dominican, Franciscan, and Jesuit missionaries, had always been given the right to use Indian labor in return for their ministrations. Indeed, survival itself often depended on unstinted work by both padres and their charges. In any event, lessons in handicrafts and agriculture had always gone hand in hand with spiritual teaching, for the ultimate political aim, in addition to the religious goal of saving souls, was the substitution of civilized Indians for the Christian colonists who failed to immigrate from Spain in sufficient numbers to populate the new territories.

Where the Indians were sedentary and submissive—long before the European conquest the Aztecs had taught meekness to the tribes of central Mexico—peripatetic missionaries had carried their messages out among the native villages. Where the Indians tended to be turbulent and where military protection was necessarily limited, it had proved advisable to change the program and lure the Indians into fixed mission compounds with offers of free food, bright trinkets, and the wonders of music and pageantry. At each center a pair of devoted padres (sometimes only one), aided by half a dozen soldiers equipped with awesome horses and terrifying muskets, could hold several hundred aborigines quiet while the civilizing process went on.

In order that distracting influences could be kept at bay during this critical period, the king granted to each mission a large block of land that was to be held in trust for the converts. Wild tribes were not deemed to have any claims. In addition to affording seclusion for the missionary work, these grants-in-trust furnished ample pasturage for the large herds of horses, cattle, and sheep that became the principal wealth of most of the missions.

As soon as the Indians became Spaniards—that is, as soon as they were capable of producing raw materials for Spanish traders, of buying Spanish goods, paying Spanish taxes, and worshipping under Spanish priests—then the missions were to be secularized. This meant that at least part of the mission's land, tools, and animals was to be divided among the converts, who thereafter would live like other citizens under their own *alcalde*, a sort of combined mayor and justice of the peace, and their own *ayuntamiento*, or town council. The erstwhile mission church was turned into a parish managed by secular clergy, and the restructuring of the once benighted savage was deemed complete. It was fully expected that Mexican frontiersmen would settle in the villages along with the Indians.

How long should the transformation take? The government, eager for citizens and sensitive to charges of abuse in the system, decreed that it must be accomplished within ten years, and then looked the other way as the time span stretched out, in most cases, to many times ten. For, as the citizen-makers instinctively realized, the deep-seated beliefs that comprise the culture of a race are not very malleable.

Various rationalizations were offered to explain the Indians' slowness to embrace Spanish Catholicism. They were, it was propounded, not fully human. Although they had souls worth saving, they were "irrational"—a prejudice that emerged clearly in the name non-Indians had for themselves: *gente de razon*, the people of reason. (The term was protean. Toward the close of the Mexican era in California, it apparently included only the social and governing elite. Elsewhere, one drop of white blood in a Catholic's veins was enough. Occasionally, in the case of converted Indians who managed to achieve financial equality with the local rulers, Christianity alone sufficed. One bar remained unalterable, however: no gentile [unconverted Indian] was ever classed as rational.)

A dilemma resulted. At some point a rational citizen had to emerge from the mission chrysalis or else the program was, from a practical standpoint, merely quixotic. To avoid such criticism, the government and the missionaries evolved a tacit compromise. An Indian achieved rationality as soon as the dissolution of his mission became unavoidable. This generally happened after a substantial number of would-be settlers had drifted into a missionized area and began clamoring against mission land monopoly and mission agricultural competition. At that point secularization was ordered, and the mission Indians were turned loose to mingle with the newcomers.

In general, they managed well. They had been trained for the kind of rough labor that their new circumstances demanded, and they were met by a people to whom they could adapt—a heterogeneous gathering of pure-blooded Indians from other mission pueblos and of mulattos and *mestizos*. The latter, the mixed bloods, were products of Indian alliances with white soldiers and artisans, and with erstwhile black slaves. Unlike Anglo-Americans, the *mestizos*, the dominant element of the Mexican frontier, brought few racial prejudices with them. Mission Indians settled among them with no great strain. For making this amalgamation possible, the missionaries took, and to an extent deserved, great credit.

More crucial than missionary training, however, was the opportunity for natural minglings and hence for true acculturation. Where the basis for normal evolution did not exist, as proved to be the case in California, then it became starkly evident, under the hammering of secularization, that the padres had wrought no true change in most of their wards. Rather, their efforts at restructuring simply destroyed parts of an old culture without furnishing a viable substitute. Aldous Huxley (or George Orwell, if you prefer) would

An indication of the life-style of the native residents of the San Francisco presidio (depicted by Choris).

have watched the experiment with interest and have seen without surprise the disaster that resulted. For, as they might have said, there was a special kind of lunacy in supposing that the outer trappings of either a man or a Guatemalan ape had any true connection with inner substance.

Gálvez, of course, was in no position to foresee the chasms that yawned ahead. He assumed that adequate settlers would follow the missionaries to California and that all he needed to do for history to repeat itself was to start the program rolling.

Those beginnings are very familiar. Early in 1769 two laden ships sailed for Alta California from La Paz; a third vessel, the *San José*, was to follow during the summer. Meanwhile two columns marched up the barren peninsula toward San Diego Bay. Divided between these land groups were eighty-six Christian Indians from the Baja missions. Their function, beside herding the expeditions' livestock, would be to interpret, proselytize, and help train the wild Indians of Alta California.

In overall command was Gaspar de Portolá, governor of Baja California. Head of the missionaries was intense, devout, obstreperous Padre Junípero Serra. A kind of Tutankhamen curse seemed to hang over the project. As soon as the columns had departed, Gálvez sailed to Sonora to shake life into the military campaign against the revolting Seri and Pima Indians. Frustrated by the difficulties and stricken by fever, he went out of his mind and had to be dragged back to Mexico City, where his health and sanity slowly returned. Serra, too, was plagued by illness and by a suppurating sore on his leg. Only the grimmest sort of determination enabled him to finish the trip.

Those were minor sufferings. Contrary winds delayed the first two ships so long at sea that most of the crewmen reached San Diego half rotted with scurvy, many of them fatally. The third, the *San José*, disappeared entirely. Nearly three-quarters of the Baja Indians accompanying the land parties either died or deserted. Those who did reach California found that they could neither understand nor get along with the local natives.

In spite of all this, the expedition established missions and frail earth-walled presidios beside both San Diego and Monterey bays. Portolá and his men discovered what mariners

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had somehow been missing ever since Cabrillo's initial explorations of the coast in 1542–43—the magnificent harbor of San Francisco.

After a very shaky start, when supplies were short and the padres worked feverishly to overcome California's annual summer drought with primitive irrigation systems, missionary accomplishments became equally spectacular. Although the local Indians inhabited a benign land where food abounded at certain periods, the gathering, grinding, and storing of the ripe seeds and acorns was laborious. They were intrigued by the prospect of regular meals through farming, by the entertainment and novelty of the stations, and by possible contact with the spirits whose benevolence made possible such prodigies as ships that caught the wind, knives, loud-roaring guns, looking glasses, and cloth, with which they were particularly obsessed—for adornment, not for clothing.

Women and children first and then men began presenting themselves for baptism. The conversions were voluntary, but once accepted there was no drawing back. At first the point was not oppressive. The original stations were diminutive affairs of upright poles plastered with mud and roofed with reeds. Space lacking, the converts spent much of their time in their home *rancherías* or villages (the padres wisely located the missions where the Indians naturally congregated), and no traumatic cultural shock attended what the priests considered a mighty transformation. The major clashes in the early days arose from soldiers molesting Indian women, at times even running them down with lassos. Because of such aggressions, Serra moved the missions at Monterey and San Diego several miles away from the presidios. Revolts were quickly quelled, and by the time of Serra's death in 1784, nine stations boasting a population of 5,800 neophytes dotted the coast between San Diego and San Francisco Bay.

Triumph indeed—except that omens already were indicating that not enough colonists to balance such members were going to follow. As a result, Mexican history was not likely to repeat itself.

As soon as it became evident that the first presidios were going to take root, the government projected two agricultural pueblos, San José in the north and Los Angeles in the south, for meeting the needs of the military establishments. Since the two midget, wind-buffeted supply ships that came to California once a year would not do for transporting families and domestic livestock, the townspeople would have to immigrate by land—not by way of Baja. Experience had shown that the peninsula was too barren and too hard to reach across the stormy gulf. Sonora would have to be reopened.

Thanks largely to a mining rush, the way was at last cleared. With the help of Indian guides, a redoubtable soldier, Juan Bautista de Anza, worked out a trail across the bleak deserts to the coast. Now came the omens. Only by holding out liberal material inducements—who wanted to go live on the rim of nowhere?—was Anza able to recruit, from the direst poverty pockets of northwestern Mexico, 240 settlers, 166 of them women and children. He led this ragged column overland during the winter of 1775–76. Some of the married men were stationed as soldiers at Monterey and San Francisco. Only fifteen men and their families, sixty-eight persons altogether, were available for launching San José. Los Angeles's start in 1781 was even more meager: eleven families composed of illiterate blacks, mullatos, and *mestizos*. Two of the males claimed vague traces of Spanish blood. Nearly all the women were Indians.

Indian troubles topped off the reluctance. The Yumas, exasperated by the wanton behavior of travelers through their land, attacked the two wayside pueblos that had been built near the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers to facilitate communications between Sonora and California. With neat dispatch they massacred priests and soldiers, and enslaved the women and children. Although the captives were eventually ransomed, the destitute government made no serious effort to reopen the trail. A disturbing corollary became inevitable. The nine missions with their work force of 5,800 Indians, rather than the two towns whose combined populations in 1784 numbered scarcely six score, were going to have to support the military.

The Nootka crisis, which might have helped close the gap, only increased it. In a misguided effort to assert Spanish sovereignty over the North Pacific, Spanish naval officers in 1789 seized, at Nootka Sound, Vancouver Island, the ships of certain English otter hunters. Belligerently denying Spain's presumptions, Great Britain mobilized and bluffed Madrid into backing down. Humiliated and anxious about further erosion in the Pacific, the government ordered a strengthening of California's defenses.

Gestures toward fortification followed. But, as pragmatists in Mexico City realized, long-range strength must depend on the development of a self-reliant citizenry. "Of what value," demanded engineer Miguel Costansó, "are immense areas of territory if we do not populate them?"

To speed the transformation of the Indians into civilized workers, the viceroy finally did what California's governors and padres had long been urging. He sent northward twenty artisans (more than fifty had been recommended originally) to train the neophytes in masonry, leather work, weaving, carpentry, blacksmithing, and the like. He also authorized five new missions. Dedicated in a rush of activity between June 1797 and June 1798, these brought the total to eighteen. By the end of the century, they housed thirteen thousand Indians.

The imported artisans and the Indian teachers whom they trained did their work well. The importation of blankets into California ceased. The mission compounds, where the Indians were now required to live, began to take on the ap-

An Indian dance, witnessed by Choris, at the Mission San Francisco de Asís in the early 1800s.

An Indian dance, witnessed by Choris, at the Mission San Francisco de Asís in the early 1800s.

pearance associated with them today—arched colonnades, fountains splashing in cool courtyards, stone church buildings, soft red tiles, impressive bell towers. Agriculture flourished—wheatfields, orchards, vineyards, and prolific herds of cattle grazing across millions of acres of tall grass.

By contrast one new town, Branciforte, was authorized for the north shore of Monterey Bay, near Mission Santa Cruz. Colonists and soldiers refused to go there. In the end, the government was reduced to sending up exiles—a handful of wretched orphans and petty criminals. More than ever, the problem of supporting California fell on the bowed shoulders of the Indians.

There were mutterings. The *comandantes* of the presidios, traditionally jealous of the power of the missions, pointed accusing fingers at the bulging warehouses and asked whether such riches accorded with Franciscan vows of poverty. Retiring soldiers and ambitious *pobladores* who wanted land grants on which to start ranches of their own complained that the priests blocked their petitions. Resenting the system in general, they cried out, often with exaggeration, against its particular faults.

There were faults. Size had bred regimentation. As the scope of the missions increased, the neophytes were taken from their home *rancherías* and crowded into villages attached to the compounds. To check the casual sexuality that was normal among the young, the padres each night locked the unmarried girls into ill-lit, unsanitary barracks called *monjerios*. Epidemics flared; death rates soared astronomically. Because young females proved particularly vulnerable, the ratio of men to women rose abnormally, with accompanying sexual frustrations for the males.

Other cultural shocks were almost as devastating. Although the Indians had not minded hard work when circumstances demanded—when the salmon ran or when acorns were ripe—they disliked routine, even when the tasks involved were not onerous, and routine at the missions was rigid. In their own villages strong totemistic attachments had prevailed; but as the number of converts at the missions increased, the neophytes found themselves mixed willy-nilly with unfamiliar groups speaking strange tongues. Though flogging seemed a natural punishment to the fathers—it was customary in all

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GARDENER IN EDEN

Notes from a Native Son on Beginning a History of the Golden State

by T. H. Watkins

I AM ABOUT TO write a history of California—a prospect awesome enough to cause a man to doubt his qualifications, not to mention his sanity. Such doubting is an exercise in seemly humility required of any man faced with so enormous a subject, however blindly optimistic he might otherwise be. Above all, he is forced to consider the teeming numbers of his predecessors, beginning with none other than prolific old Hubert Howe Bancroft, the state's first major historian, who believed he had wrapped it all up as early as 1884, at least for the periods of Spanish, Mexican, and early American occupation: "It is true that new documents will be found as the years pass by to throw a clearer light on many minor points; but new material—whatever new talent and new theories may do—will necessitate the reconstruction of few if any of these chapters. It is to me a matter of pride that, using the term in the limited and only sense in which it can ever be properly applied to an extended historical work, I have thus been able to exhaust the subject."

Bancroft hadn't precisely exhausted the subject, but he came as close as anyone ever has. The seven-volume *History*, with all its errors and prejudices intact, is still the Bible for students of California history, the first source, the great ancestor. No man is ever likely to match that effort, either in regard to the period that Bancroft covered or those closer to our own times. California histories, however fresh in their research, profound in their thought, or eloquent in their prose, have always tended to be variations on a theme by Hubert Howe Bancroft.

Not that the situation has ever stopped the flood, which has included not only general histories, but histories of just about all the particulars a man could imagine—histories of Indian Californians, Spanish Californians, Mexican Californians, Anglo-Saxon Californians, Black Californians, German Californians, Russian Californians, French Californians, and Jewish Californians; histories of politics, religion, economics, mining, maritime trade, agriculture, lumbering, theater, writing, journalism. . . . From trem-

bling, romantic accounts of San Francisco's Golden Era to soporific monographs illuminating the precise differences between two Indian dialects, the swarming list reads like the chronicle of a great nation with ten centuries of history to recall—not a mere American state with only a little over two hundred years of a recognizable past.

In the face of this swelling literary gorge, a man is allowed to wonder a little nervously just what there is in his own fund of knowledge and experience that justifies him in thinking he might contribute something that hasn't been handled before, perhaps better. He can only know that he must try, for if it is obvious that there has been a wealth of material produced, it is equally obvious that there has been too little that attempted a level of genuine understanding, a quality needed now more than ever before in our history. For generations, there has been a conviction loose among Californians that they represent the new America. The belief is not without foundation, and today it possesses slightly ominous implications. As Carey McWilliams has written, "The simplest, least disputable thing to say about California, now our most populous state, is that it is, and always has been, a revolution." Today, that revolution, complicated by a welter of social, political, economic, and technological considerations, proceeds at a blinding pace; we are speeding toward our future at a velocity never matched in history. The process of dreammaking that has always characterized California history has too often produced nightmares, and if we hope to avoid the really spectacular nightmares that may lie before us —*all* of us—we had better attempt to comprehend the successes and failures of all those futures that are now a part of our past.

In spite of the stakes, historians too often go back to the past like Indian bone pickers grubbing around in the ashes of a funeral pyre, hoping to find some polished splinter of information that will speak for the whole, a talisman for wisdom's sake. Information is not wisdom, and mere bone picking is not enough. What is profoundly necessary is an attempt to understand what is *already* known, and that must be the historian's first obligation. "There are no new ideas," novelist Ben Hecht once wrote, "only new phrases." New phrases stem from new perceptions of old ideas, and if the historian can achieve and communicate those perceptions, he will have met his obligation toward understanding. To do so, he must go beyond libraries and books and documents for his sources, however indispensable they are. He must go to himself and search out his connections to the past that has made him—and whatever land he calls his own. The two are not separable for the historian, any more than they are for other men.

Before I can write my own history of California, then, I must consider two of my basic sources. Both were men I loved; both were my grandfathers; both were Californians by choice.

GRANDFATHER IRA, the first to arrive in California, was born in Albia, Iowa, in 1880, the third son of a Welshman who had emigrated to Iowa from West Virginia twenty years before. Shortly after Ira's birth, the family moved to Lucas, sixty miles to the west—the first of many westward inclinations in my grandfather's life. Two years after their arrival, his mother died, and his harassed and impatient father placed the child in the hands of a Welsh farm family living outside Lucas, took the two older brothers back to Albia, and set up shop as a saloonkeeper. Six years after that, my grandfather's new parents moved even farther west, this time to Cameron, Nebraska, a mining town inhabited mainly by Welsh coal miners.

Cameron, Nebraska, in the 1880s was no paradise for a boy—not if the boy was Welsh, not if he was able-bodied, and not if he was reared by a family living on the thin edge of survival. Ira was a small child (and remained a small man), but at the age of eleven his stepfather sent him into the Cameron coal mines to earn his keep. For ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day, deep down in those black, slippery bowels of the prairie, my grandfather received the first of his many educations, none of them formal. He learned toughness, a will to keep on, skill with his hands, and the certain knowledge that that skill alone would have to carry him through life. Armed with these and driven by the conditions of his existence, he fled home at the age of thirteen.

He went first to Albia, but his father had little more time for a teen-ager than he had had for a toddler and shuttled him off to Texas, where an aunt and uncle had a modest ranch. During the next three years, he was molded into a first-rate cowhand, acquiring the second of his many

trades. One way or another, he put together his own string of horses, and in the summer of 1896 joined a cattle drive to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he sold the horses for enough to see him through the winter. The next summer, he joined another drive, and this time chose to stay in the land of the big sky. He worked various ranches, spent a season down in a Wyoming coal mine, and for a short while ran a Saturday-night dart game in Cheyenne.

It was a time of life he remembered with great affection —and why not? He was filled with all the juices typical of the late teens, when boys celebrate the exuberance of life and sample the joys of approaching manhood; for my grandfather, as for most of his companions, these included the saloons and bordellos of Cheyenne, institutions justly celebrated from San Francisco to New Orleans. He developed a substantial thirst for women and whiskey and pursued them with the single-mindedness of one who has discovered the mysteries of both.

It lasted two years, this happy time. It ended one Saturday night in the summer of 1899. Too much of the oil of civilization injected in one of his favorite hangouts left him an easy mark for a passing Bible salesman. The spiritual drummer—attempting to escape a notable lack of business —somehow managed to unload his entire stock of fifty-cent Bibles on my grandfather, prying loose most of a month's pay from one of the ranches, all of this on the assurance that he could make it all back, and more, by selling them for a dollar to the pious civilization all around him. So my grandfather stood on a Cheyenne street corner in front of a saloon on a Saturday night with a great stack of Bibles . . . and sold them. Perhaps it was religious fervor, perhaps the inspiration that whiskey sometimes gives, or perhaps it was the ringing persuasion of a tenor voice forged in a Welsh children's choir; whatever the reason, by the end of the evening he found the Bibles gone and the equivalent of nearly two months' pay stuffed in his boots, most of it in silver dollars. Contemplating this happy event and reflecting that he had spent five years in the same place, he lifted the little treasury of his boots and jangled off to the railroad yards, where he hopped a freight to Denver.

The delights of the Mile-High City outranked even those of Cheyenne, and he soon ran through his hoard of silver dollars. Not yet twenty and already having blown a fortune, he gravitated back toward Cameron like a jaded prodigal, working his way through Kansas and southern Nebraska. At Cameron he went back to the mines, met a girl, married her, rented a house, sired a boy, and entered into a wheat land speculation with his older brother. For five years, it seemed his wandering had ended. But his wife ran off with another man, taking the boy with her, and his brother cheated him out of his share of the wheat speculation. Sick of the mines and sick of what passed for life in Cameron, he hopped another freight, heading west, always west, vaguely inclining toward Nevada, where it was said a man could still realize a fortune in gold, with a little luck and less work.

While crossing the Great Salt Lake of Utah, the freight he had chosen for one leg of his journey suffered some sort of engine failure, which required a six-hour delay during the hottest part of the day in one of the hottest regions of the country. For hour after hour, he and his hobo companions huddled on freight car rods over a trestle barely six feet above a superheated saline sea. Most of them were badly burned; all were sick; and some died. For the rest of his life, my grandfather could not tolerate salt on his food, and in later years would show great white spots on his arms, the result of what he called "salt poisoning" suffered on that day.

At Sparks, Nevada, the railroad's unofficial passengers, living and dead, were booted off the train. My grandfather worked at odd jobs for a few weeks, then made his way down to Tonopah and Goldfield to see what he could see. What he saw gave him little hope. Both towns, practically brand new, were already bustling little industrial complexes, and a man's best opportunity was to labor in other men's mines. That no longer appealed to my grandfather, so he worked his way back north, crossed the Sierra Nevada to Placerville, and ended up in San Francisco. Finally, after more than twenty years of wandering, he had made it all the way to California.

The time must have been early 1906, for he was on hand when San Francisco's world crumbled and burned on April 18. Beyond the terror of those first moments when the earth heaved beneath his feet, he remembered little of the century's worst American holocaust—except that he and a local policeman looted a broken but unburned saloon side by side, carrying away enough champagne to belay thirst for a few days. Leaving the shattered city, he continued his

vague wanderings, supporting himself with odd jobs as he went, searching, always searching for something he could not articulate even in later years. In 1908, he joined a construction crew in the Owens Valley, where the huge aqueduct designed to siphon off the water of the Owens River for the use of Southern California land speculators was then under construction. A year on that job was enough for him, and he drifted down to Los Angeles and entered a strange, netherworld time of his life, one which he could recall only sporadically and mistily. He became a carpenter; he boxed with some success in the middleweight class; he played semi-professional baseball—and in all of these, as with anything else he turned his hand to, he was good.

Unfortunately, his talents included drinking. The thirst of his cowhand days had never abated, and by now was a genuine problem, perhaps aggravated by the rootlessness and disappointments of his life. With characteristic toughness, he not only faced up to what was happening to him, he assaulted it: he traveled up to the forested slopes of the Sierra Nevada, where he signed up with a lumber company as a teamster—and for a solid year took not a drink. He returned to Los Angeles "dried out," as he always put it, and while he continued to drink with two fists off and on for the rest of his life, he never again allowed himself to become a prisoner of the stuff.

It was the move that rooted his life and ended his searching. He took another bride—this one a German girl barely off the ship—and began a family. He save his money, moved to San Bernardino, seventy miles east of Los Angeles, bought a piece of land, and with his own hands built a house, board by board, room by room. He had a genius with growing things, and planted his land with apricot, peach, and plum, strawberries, boysenberries, tomatoes, beans, and lettuce; they all grew and flourished. He worked as a carpenter, then as a plasterer, and finally as the chief gardener of the city's major park, the job he treasured most. When he retired, he devoted the rest of his life to that patch of land, and it blossomed like a young girl at the hands of an attentive lover. After twenty years of wandering, my grandfather had found the end of his dreams in California.

It was a life that many men, I suppose, would not consider much of a success. It depends upon your terms. He ended with little more than a piece of ground and the things he had built and grown there. But he had survived an existence that would have wasted other men, and did it owing no man a tithe. He belonged only to himself, and at the age of eighty-four he died in his own house, on his own land, in his own small corner of Eden.

GRANDFATHER HENRY could not have been more different from grandfather Ira had the gods deliberately fashioned a pair of opposites. Ira was as sparing of his affections as he was of his words; he was short and compact, as sturdy and unmoving as a little scrub oak hugging a California hill. Henry was ebullient, quick, and demonstrative; tall and a little pudgy, he moved with the readiness of a great, friendly rabbit, eyes peering nearsightedly from behind his glasses with a constant expression that asked "What next? Where now?" The two men hardly saw each other, and when they met at a rare family occasion, had little to say.

The difference was more than a matter of personality and appearance; their attitudes and experiences created a gulf between them that no amount of family linkage could ever bridge. Henry was born into solid, middle-class prosperity of solid, middle-class parentage with solid, middle-class values—all of this in solid, middle-class St. Paul, Minnesota. He was educated at the public schools of St. Paul, went to the University of Minnesota for a year, and after entertaining the notion of writing silent movie scenarios for a while, decided to enter his father's business.

It was a good and a growing one for the time: servicing automobiles. Henry threw himself behind it with characteristic vigor and imagination, and it flourished under his care as grandfather Ira's patch of earth had flourished. After a brief absence to serve in World War I—the closest he ever came to wide open adventure—he returned to St. Paul, acquired a family, and seemed destined to become a typically successful Midwestern businessman. But in 1924 California called him, as it was calling thousands of other Midwesterners. St. Paul suddenly seemed too confined, too narrow in its visions, too stolid and unprogressive for a rising young man ("And," he would say in later years, "too damned cold in the winter."). California—now there was a place that knew how to *grow*. The opportunities were endless, the climate perfect, the people prosperous and receptive

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to new ideas. A man could take hold of the future in a place like that—particularly in the southern portion of the state, where new towns were popping into existence like souped-up mushrooms and old towns were cutting down orange groves to make room to spread out. He talked his father into selling the business, and the family moved bag and baggage to Southern California.

Colton, nestling a little resentfully against its larger neighbor, San Bernardino, was their final choice. The little town was enjoying the heady fruits of the incredible boom of the twenties, which saw California's population increase by more than 2,500,000—much, if not most, of this increase caused by a massive influx of Midwesterners like my grandfather and his family. Already, Colton was calling itself the Hub City ("The Hub of Industry, the Center of Progress"), and casting an acquisitive glance toward such unincorporated neighboring hamlets as Rialto and Bloomington. What better place for a young man with know-how, a little money, and a lot of ambition? He and his father purchased a downtown location, built a service station ("Roll into Roller's"), and my grandfather flung himself into the business of living with a pure American verve. He built the enterprise into one of the most prosperous in the town; he bought a substantial home in one of the best locations; he became a moving force in the Chamber of Commerce and one of the town's best boosters in an age of professional boosterism; he joined the Kiwanis and the Lion's Club; he ran for the city council and won handily; he headed up charity drives and stumped for city improvement; he broadened his visions and ran for district assemblyman and lost (but made more friends than enemies in the process); he joined the local historical society and the local Lutheran Church; and in World War II, he was appointed to the local draft board, serving with distinction.

By the end of the war, he had become perhaps the best-known and respected man in town—even a kind of power. When my mother and father eloped in the general direction of Yuma, Arizona, he chased them with a screaming police escort furnished by the city; he didn't catch them, and was soon delighted that he hadn't, but the story of that chase across the desert remains a family treasure. On another occasion, my bicycle was stolen. The family alerted my grandfather, and a few hours later he called me down to the police station, where he was waiting with the bike. Now, anyone who has had a bicycle stolen as a child will know that it almost *never* comes back. I can only assume that he enlisted the aid of the entire force, from desk sergeant to janitor, in a sweeping, city-wide search. In my childhood eyes, it was a most impressive demonstration of power, and I always stood a little in awe of him from that day on.

Yet I cannot help wondering if all the dreams that had caused him to pull up those deep roots and move to California did not disappoint him, after a time. Colton never did become the hub of industry and the center of progress; it remained a nice little town, as it is today. His political career was short-lived, since he could never bring himself to become the kind of hardheaded louse a man must be to survive in a political world, even that of a small town. He continued all his civic activities and kept the business going with the old vigor, but as the years passed a new dream crept into his mind. Born and reared in the lush green of Minnesota, he learned to love the desert country, particularly the twists and tangles of the lower Colorado River, and, on those rare occasions when he allowed himself a few days away from the station, spent as much time as he could driving and walking along the river. He contemplated buying some land there and establishing a trailer camp, and to that end began a major reconstruction of the old station along more modern lines, hoping to sell the location to a major oil company. One night, after a full day of the kind of hustling typical of him, he was struck down by a coronary, and two weeks later had died.

It would be easy for someone who did not know him to consider grandfather Henry a kind of latter-day Babbitt, whose devotion to the virtues of Growth, Progress, and Enterprise eventually killed him. He *was* devoted to those virtues: he believed in them with an absolute sincerity as full and unquestioning as a nun's acceptance of Immaculate Conception. Unlike Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt, however, grandfather Henry did not mistake sloganisms for life, nor did he use them to disguise uncertainty and weakness. Right or wrong, he believed that those virtues represented something *important* in the American narrative, and that by embracing them he had become part of it. It was why he had come to California, which he saw as the perfect arena for their celebration. If they disappointed him in the end, as I think they did, he did not reject them, as Babbitt attempted to do; he simply tried to reconstruct them in another setting. And he

would have. I cannot imagine that he would not have applied the same energy and enthusiasm and delight to his new dream on the Colorado River, had not death been the final disappointment.

TWO LIVES, two dreams, two versions of California history. . . . Each man found, in his own way, a resolution in California that had been denied him in his other life. The one escaped a life without roots and sank his first ones, literally and figuratively, in a piece of ground; his only goal was a final security in himself. The other simply transplanted old roots into ground he believed more fertile; his goal was opportunity. Neither man, of course, achieved the full measure of those dreams; men never do. Yet each came close enough to know that the dreaming had been worth it and that California and California alone had given them the chance.

By accepting the call to California and embracing what it offered, they became a part of history. The toughness of mind and body—the simple *durability*—that enabled grandfather Ira to survive the warps of his life, external and internal, has long since become a part of California history, for she has called men like him from the beginning and gained strength and endurance from them, if little excitement. They were the quiet farmers who settled in the coastal valleys or beneath the slopes of the northern Sierra Nevada, who dug in and hung on and made a life; they were the Cornish miners who fled the tin mines of Cornwall or Wisconsin and found new labor in the gold quartz mines of the Mother Lode; they were the timber stiffs of the pine forests, the teamsters who sweated loads over the Tehachapis, the Italian fishermen of San Francisco who followed the morning sun; they were the dock workers, the crews of the maritime trade, the carpenters, the factory hands, the gardeners; asking little more than a piece of life larger than that which they had left (and ready to fight for it when necessary), they were the mortar from which California built a history.

The architects of that history were men like my grandfather Henry, men ruled by optimism, by vigor, and by adventurous minds—men who wanted not a piece of life, but all of it. Like him, most of them believed in the absolute good of growth, progress, and enterprise, and all of them believed that California was the Eden of possibility. They were the empire builders, like William C. Ralston, who nourished San Francisco from his own pocket, or Henry Miller, who made a private kingdom in the San Joaquin Valley; they were the giant merchants, like William Parrott of San Francisco or Collis P. Huntington of Sacramento; they were the visionaries, like Theodore Judah, with his dream of a transcontinental railroad, or Upton Sinclair, with his plan to end the depression of the 1930s; they were the politicians, like Republican Thomas R. Bard or Progressive Hiram Johnson; they were the speculators, the bankers, the manufacturers, the reformers, the newspaper publishers; their sins were sometimes huge—and we are living with some of them still—but their moving and shaking impressed the world at times and enriched our history always.

Two lives, two dreams, two versions of California history. . . . There may be no single theme that characterizes California history, but if there had to be, I would nominate the fact that she was settled and built by wanderers with the light of tomorrow in their eyes—whether that tomorrow was the hope of Heaven carried by an eighteenth-century Spanish missionary or the vision of growth held by a twentieth-century real estate salesman from Des Moines. The hope, the toughness, and the reach of their dreams large and small were injected into the character of the state; what it is today and what it may be tomorrow are largely the result of what they gave to the past, and thus to all of us—and if we can learn from that legacy, we may be able to find our own measure of hope, and toughness, and the strength of dreams. God knows, we will need all of them.

I have been blessed by knowing and loving two such men. Because of them, I am a part of it all. Because of them, I have perceived something that, for me, illuminates the past and present of California, which is my country. Whether what I have learned truly enlarges understanding—that shield we hold against fate and its consequences and the only real reason for the art of history—remains to be seen by how well I serve their legacy; but well or badly rendered, that legacy will be reflected again and again in the pages of this book—this history I must now begin to write.

T. H. Watkins *is an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST *and author of* The Grand Colorado *(1969) and* Gold and Silver in the West *(1971), published by American West Publishing Company.*

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A Matter of Opinion

MORMONISM'S NEGRO POLICY: In Reply

The following letter is in response to a review of the book, Mormonism's Negro Policy: Social and Historical Origins, *by Stephen G. Taggart (University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1970), which appeared in the January 1971 issue of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

The reviewer, William P. McKinnon, stated that "Taggart's book attempts to do what he contends the church itself has never done, namely, to explain the origins of this exclusion [denial of temple rites and the priesthood to blacks]. . . . Taggart argues that [this] denial is a Mormon practice grounded in historical expediency rather than in doctrine or revelation." In sum, McKinnon wrote, "The change in church leadership following the death of President David O. McKay in January 1970, and the subsequent donation of thirty thousand dollars by the Latter-Day Saints to Salt Lake City's Church of God in Christ, a black Protestant congregation, have provided additional signs to be sifted. Taggart's study is a valuable background for what is to come."

TO THE EDITOR:

If Taggart's treatment of the Mormon and black relationship was inadequate for the reviewer [McKinnon], then certainly much of what the reviewer stated was both irrelevant and inadequate. The point is, as I see it, that if it is grounded in expediency and not in revelation, then the position of the church can be changed by an "official pronouncement" with perhaps a sustaining vote by the congregation at a semiannual conference of the church. However, if it is grounded in revelation then a change must be made by a revelation. This can be received from God, according to the doctrine and practice of the church, only by the president of the church.

This second form of change in church doctrine and practice is far more serious than the first. In any event, a change now would be extremely sensitive and difficult for the administration and membership of the church, although I am sure of two things—a change will come and not too far in the future, and most of the members of the church will welcome it.

Many members had hoped that the change would have come during President David O. McKay's lifetime. His popularity was unquestioned. He more than other leaders would have been able, with expectation of success in terms of the receptivity of the members, to have "laid his regulation on the line." His two counselors, presidents Hugh B. Brown and Nathan Tanner, would have unequivocally supported him. For propaganda purposes with the public, he would have had the mellifluous voice and great public-speaking ability of Apostle Hugh B. Brown.

With the death of President McKay, a great chance to make a change which was *not* grounded in revelation was lost. The present president of the church, Joseph Fielding Smith, although not so personally popular as his predecessor, is considered the most competent theologian in the church today, and practically the *only* one of any stature at all. If he would say that the practice was *not* grounded in revelation, the members would accept his statement. However, no change of this kind would be unanimously accepted on any ground. The problem is to find the propitious moment for the pronouncement of a change. Events since the appearance of Taggart's book and events in the future will not play a role in determining the method in which the change should be made. They may contribute to creating more favorable circumstances for the church in which the change can be made in view of its reception by the members of the church. They may also create more pressures on the church to make a change under duress.

In any event, the single point of whether the present practice was grounded in revelation or in expediency must be settled—unless, of course, the president of the church would have the courage to claim that God had spoken to him recently and directly on the subject. No president in the recent history of the church has made this claim. President David O. McKay was very careful to avoid placing himself in the position of a personal face-to-face confrontation with God, and this is what revelation in Mormonism really means. This doctrine makes it very difficult to change a position based on revelation.

If, on the other hand, the original position was grounded on expediency, then a current change can be founded on expediency. First, however, it would seem—and there is circumstantial evidence to support this statement—the church would need time to cultivate the receptivity for a change.

Frank H. Jonas
Professor of Political Science
University of Utah

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Indian Oratory: Famous Speeches by Noted Indian Chieftains
I Have Spoken: American History Through the Voices of the Indians

REVIEWED BY DON RUSSELL

FOR EACH of these books a claim is advanced that it is the first published anthology of Indian oratory. In publication dates Swallow Press has a one-day margin, but University of Oklahoma Press made it first through the mails. The race may be declared a dead heat, with wreaths to both winners, for the books supplement each other with a minimum of repetition. Vanderwerth concentrates on some thirty-six prominent leaders, from Teedyuscung the Delaware (the only one for whom no portrait is produced) to Kicking Bear and Quanah Parker. Armstrong has 251 entries, many brief but a few long ones, representing a wide range of Indian thought right up to 1970.

Indian Oratory: Famous Speeches by Noted Indian Chieftains compiled by W. C. Vanderwerth, foreword by William R. Carmack *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1971; 292 pp., intro., illus., biblio., appen., $8.95).*

I Have Spoken: American History Through the Voices of the Indians compiled by Virginia Irving Armstrong, introduction by Frederick W. Turner III *(Sage Books: Swallow Press, Chicago, 1971; 207 pp., biblio., appen., notes, index, $2.95 paper, $6.00 cloth).*

Both books are introduced and prefaced by the idea that they present the story of the oppression of an innocent and peaceful people, deprived of their lands by the white man's greed and threatened with annihilation. Both books use the word *annihilation*—not the comelately *genocide*—though no such policy was ever officially proposed.

Carmack's statements that "Indians felt that the land belonged to all the Indians . . . [and] more or less formed a united front in opposing settlement by the whites . . . [and] felt that no tribe or individual had the right to cede any portion of the land" just do not hold up historically. Tecumseh advanced such ideas, but his united front was a failure, as was that of Pontiac, and no one else came close. Vanderwerth presents Tecumseh's plea to the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and the reply of Pushmataha of the Choctaws, who pointed out that their white neighbors had fed the hungry, clothed the needy, doctored the sick, and never violated the treaty under which they lived. Also presented are Pontiac's urging that his followers fling away guns, knives, blankets, firewater, and everything bought from the white man, and a second speech, after his defeat, in which he begs for these very things, including opening the rum barrel.

Actually, there are no such people as Indians, as present-day Indian activists discover, for the old intertribal prejudices continue. Most tribes called themselves something meaning "the real men," "the human beings," implying that other tribes were subhuman. The Iroquois and the Sioux probably displaced more tribes from their hunting lands than United States troops ever did, and Iroquoian massacres of other Indians were bloody and thorough. We have such honest expressions as that of *Tum-a-tap-um* of the Owhyhees: "If we make peace, how shall I employ my young men? They delight in nothing but war." (Armstrong, p. 97).

A tribal view on land was expressed by Little Turtle (Armstrong, p. 71) in claiming for the Miamis everything from Detroit to the Ohio River, including fully half of Ohio and all of Indiana. As 1,750 was the highest estimate of the number of Miamis, including their allies the Weas and the Piankeshaws, they must have been spread mighty thin. (It figures out to about one Miami per township, or say one family per county.) Little Turtle was a shrewd bargainer—his claim was paid. Of course, many other tribes were paid for parts of the same area. What nation other than the United States has paid many times over for every foot of land it ever conquered, took over, or occupied?

These few examples indicate that many more points of view may be found in these two books than their sponsors have advertised. Nor does it seem entirely accurate to say that "little record of their [Indian] oratory exists" when so much of what is produced here seems so familiar. The speech of Logan the Mingo (inaccurate in its accusation) was recorded by Jefferson in his *Notes on the State of Virginia*, discussed by Theodore Roosevelt in *The Winning of the West*, and recited in hundreds of nineteenth-century schoolrooms. Quite as widely disseminated is Chief Joseph's well-authenticated talk to General Miles at his end of trail in the Bear Paw Mountains (Armstrong, pp. 52, 194). Many sources cited, particularly by Armstrong, are secondary, and a few might be suspect; but they prove at least that Indian oratory spread beyond the great wealth of it bound in official reports.

Oratory, red or white, is made for a purpose, and while the Indian orator may be telling the truth as he sees it, he is not necessarily telling the whole truth. Geronimo and Satanta strayed even further. Both editors have endeavored to give briefly the circumstances and background for each speech quoted, and for the most part have succeeded admirably, although in some cases the story cannot be told briefly.

A few errors should be noted, as errors have a bad habit of being perpetu-

Continued on page 54

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The Road to Santa Fe

REVIEWED BY JOHN PORTER BLOOM

THE SANTA FE TRAIL, as well as the trails to California and Oregon, has had devotees over the years who have lovingly cherished remaining ruts, rock scratches, and other surviving evidences of the throngs of westering pioneers who struggled over the dreary, often dangerous miles. No such devotee has outdone Hobart E. Stocking, and few have left us so much in their debt. This book offers a wealth of information in convenient form, a charm specially its own, and detailed maps that will be invaluable for anyone in the future who is interested in following the trail.

The Road to Santa Fe by Hobart E. Stocking *(Hastings House, New York, 1971; 372 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $9.95).*

The author's background as a scientist (including service as former chief geologist for the Atomic Energy Commission) is manifested in the book's logical arrangement—movement in space rather than in time. The reader traverses the trail from east to west, section by section, with primary consideration of landforms along the route(s), supplemented by descriptions of the human events that shaped the roadway and gave it significance in history. There are sixteen chapters in the traverse, taking up the trail's origins in Missouri and concluding ultimately in Santa Fe. Dr. Stocking takes one on many side trips along the way, which will be both entertaining and instructive to most readers. Some sections, such as a chapter on "Windwagons and Camels," have almost nothing to do with the Santa Fe Trail, but most are much smaller diversions. We are instructed on the manufacture of cement, for instance, and mildly annoyed to find somewhat technical terms such as *clastics* used several times without explanation.

The author as artist-illustrator has served us well, giving the book the aspect of a *tour de force*. Almost anything one might imagine is depicted, including views of the landscape, wagons and horse equipment, and even cow chips. In terms of history the author has failed several times to give us the "last word," using secondary sources that are out of date on some points. He loves most, and gives chief reliance to, the accounts of actual travelers, however, along with the best historical writers. Unfortunately, the publisher has not supported Dr. Stocking's work as well as it deserves: the index is limited and incomplete, even as to its presumed scope of proper names; punctuation is so unsteady as to be an occasional annoyance; and proofreading was not well done, evidenced especially in misspellings of Spanish names, e.g., *Santa Fe* and *Quivera.*

The maps deserve a special mention, being entirely the handiwork of the author. In addition to a sketch map at the front of the book showing the entire route of the trail, there are twenty-seven detailed maps of the various sections of the trail, keyed to each other and spaced appropriately throughout the text. They are well done, clear, and useful. More than this, the original Stocking map of the Santa Fe Trail is located in the National Archives—the result of a generous and public-spirited decision by its creator. I have studied this map (in seven sheets of tracing cloth, each about 24 by 38 inches) and have no hesitation in recommending it highly. I am having a photostatic copy made for my own file because there are more details and a somewhat more useful format than the small maps in the book. The route and all adjacent significant land features have been carefully, expertly, and lovingly compiled "from aerial photographs . . . , from land surveys and from U.S. Geological Survey maps," as well as from personal observation in the field. The original map is embellished very nicely with small drawings and quotations from many sources, depicting observations and events of the trail.

Photostatic copies of the original map are available through the National Archives.

John Porter Bloom, *on the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is former secretary-treasurer of the Western History Association, and is an editor and senior specialist in western history at the National Archives.*

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The Black West

REVIEWED BY CARLTON C. QUALEY

THE NO LONGER NEGLECTED aspect of the history of the American West, that of the role of the blacks, is given a pictorial elaboration in this handsomely published volume. A truly impressive collection of photographs of persons, places, events, illustrations, books, and pamphlets has been assembled from widely scattered depositories in the United States and Canada. The sources of these are listed for the convenience of scholars.

The Black West by William L. Katz (*Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., 1971; 336 pp., intro., illus., biblio., appen., index, $12.95*).

Interspersed among the photographs and the text are quotations from journals, letters, memoirs, government documents, newspapers, and other sources, and for each of which there is documentation, albeit at times incomplete. The text itself is undocumented, but there are chapter references at the rear of the book. There are two brief appendixes and a good index.

Much useful and even important information is included in the text. Moving back and forth chronologically from the days of the early explorers to the more recent West, the author shows that blacks have been present on all American frontiers, sometimes few in number but at other times in large numbers such as in the army, and in Kansas and Oklahoma.

They were with the Spanish explorers; served almost indispensably with the fur traders; joined with the Seminoles in their wars with white settlers and survived to contribute recruits to the Seminole Negro Indian scouts in the 1870s. The blacks were among settlers on successive frontiers (the author thus correcting Turner's neglect); achieved success in business in many western communities; fought for freedom from fugitive slave laws; served prominently in early California's growth; became famous as cowboys—even as badmen; homesteaded on the sodhouse frontier; published newspapers; became lawyers, preachers, and politicians; and served with distinction in the United States infantry and cavalry—the famous buffalo soldiers.

Sandwiched between chapters on the military record of blacks is a chapter on the Oklahoma boomer period, in which blacks took part but were ultimately to find again that Oklahoma was not to be the black El Dorado that had been dreamed by some. The author adds a chapter of conclusions, inspired by Langston Hughes's indictment of America's double standards as to whites and blacks.

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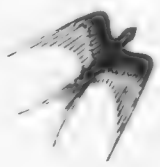

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It is of course the photographs of people and the sketches that accompany them that enliven the book. There is Estevan of the Narvaez expedition; Jean Baptiste Pointe du Sable, who founded Chicago; the checkered careers of Jim Beckwourth and Edward Rose as fur traders and scouts; and the more reputable career of George Bonza in northern Minnesota.

There are John Randolph's freed slaves settling in Ohio and Indiana, and the Roberts settlers in Hamilton County, Ohio. Edmonia Lewis, "America's first important black sculptress" is recorded. John Jones, the successful Chicago businessman, is featured, as are Dred Scott, George Washington of Centralia in the state of Washington, the Bush family of Oregon, Clara Brown of Central City, Colorado, and several black jockeys.

The role of blacks in the fight over slavery, especially in Kansas, is illustrated. The author also has described the role of blacks in California, featuring William Leidesdorff, William Robinson, Mrs. Biddy Mason, and the indomitable Mrs. Mary Ellen Pleasant. Among the cowboys are mentioned Britton Johnson, "One Horse Charlie," Jessie Stahl, "Deadwood Dick" (Nat Love), "Cherokee Bill," Ben Hodges, Bill Pickett, and others. There are several good homesteader pictures. John Q. Adams, editor of the *Western Appeal,* occupies a deserved place.

Perhaps best illustrated are the black soldiers of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry. And, of course, not to be missed are several of Frederic Remington's famous pictures of the Tenth Cavalry.

The professional historian will feel irritated by the somewhat disorganized text and the lack of a firm editorial hand, and will wish that there were less repetition. Nevertheless, the volume should prove useful to professionals as well as the general reader. Among the latter the book should find a wide and friendly reception, and thus help to counteract the bigotry of which Langston Hughes so eloquently complained.

Carlton C. Qualey *is the Laird Bell professor of history emeritus at Carleton College, Minnesota, and visiting professor of history at Cleveland State University.*

Funny, he doesn't look like John Wayne.

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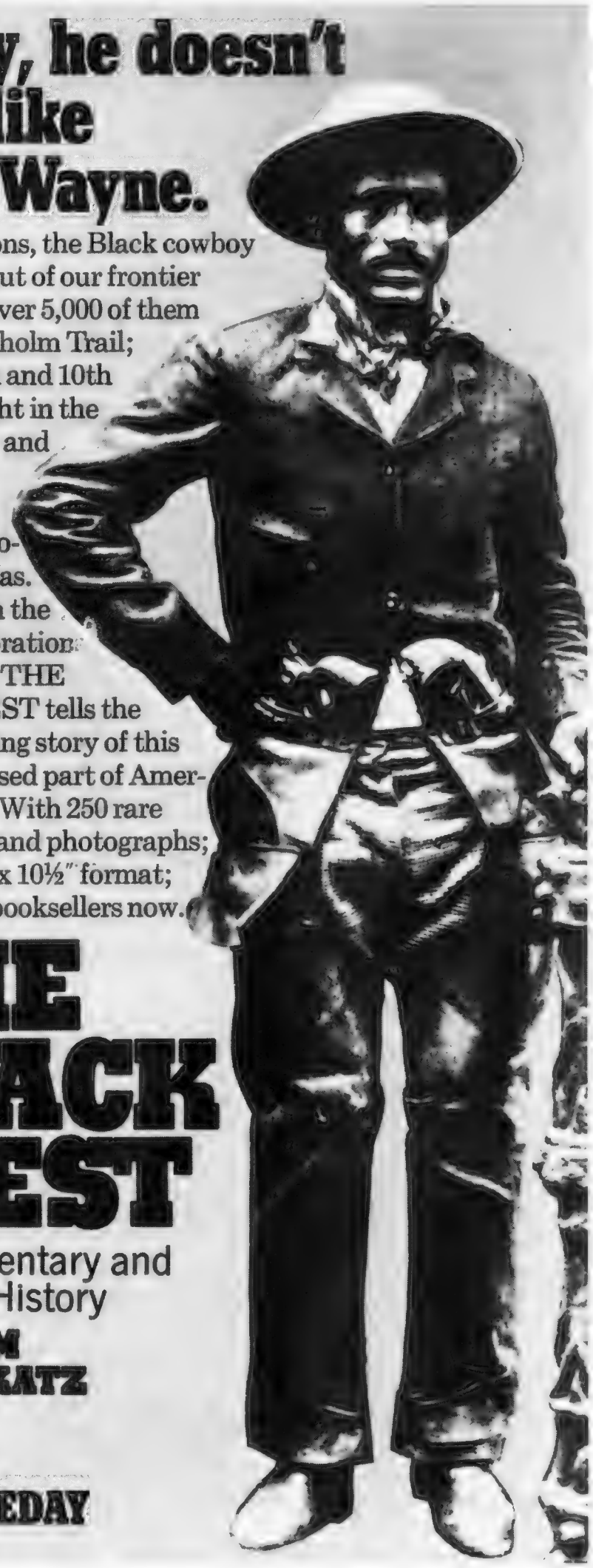

THE BLACK WEST

A Documentary and Pictorial History

WILLIAM LOREN KATZ

DOUBLEDAY

XUM

INDIAN ORATORY; I HAVE SPOKEN

(Continued from page 49)

ated. In Vanderwerth's book (p. 5) a "Major General F. W. Dodge" is quoted; whereas Henry, Grenville M., and Richard I. Dodge are prominent, there seems to be no F. W. on the army list of major generals. Black Hawk did not cross the Mississippi "either to raid the Winnebago Indian villages or to attack the whites" (p. 90); he sought the Winnebagos as allies and said he only intended to reoccupy his old village site at the mouth of Rock River. The Cherokees were not "moved to the reservation in Oklahoma Territory" (p. 107); there was no such territory until 1890, and the Cherokee reservation was never a part of it. Similarly, "Indian Territory, later to become part of Oklahoma" (p. 109), as of 1861 became all of Oklahoma (with the possible exception of the "public lands" panhandle). Cochise's talk (p. 151) would not have been made in 1866 as he was then on the warpath; more probably it was in 1871 (see Armstrong, p. 174). Geronimo did not escape from prison in 1886 (caption, p. 236); in all cases Geronimo was unrestrained when he broke his promises and ducked out, for after he was in prison, he was technically a prisoner of war the rest of his life. The speech attributed to Chief Joseph in 1859 (p. 129) undoubtedly was made by Old Joseph, father of the Young Joseph who became the famous Chief Joseph. Quanah Parker's quotation (p. 251) of course was not made to General Winfield Scott but to Hugh L. Scott, who became the World War I chief of staff.

Armstrong's book contains various errors as well. Pierre Gaultier de Varrennes (p. 28) is more widely recognized as De la Verendrye. It is odd that so meaningless a title as *The Pioneers of New France in the Old World* should get by twice (note 3 and bibliography) in place of Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World*. The account of "a Mohawk chief" (p. 55), who in June 1776, during Burgoyne's march, met with Sir William Johnson and Colonel John Butler, is considerably fouled up. Burgoyne's march was in 1777; Sir William died in 1774. Probably the chief met with Sir John Johnson in the year 1777. Keokuk's talk (p. 129) had nothing to do with the Treaty of Chicago, September 26, 1833, that was made with the Potawatomis. Sauk and Fox treaties were made at Rock Island, September 21, 1832 and Leavenworth, September 17, 1836. Red Cloud's outburst (p. 152) was against the forts on the Bozeman Trail, not the Union Pacific, to the construction of which he had agreed. Armstrong's reference to Simon Pokagon (p. 131) may be to one of his books or pamphlets, some of them printed on birch bark.

An anthology, says the dictionary, originally meant a collection of flowers. Flowers grow from roots and produce seeds. If this be remembered, these books can be highly useful to all who are interested in the American Indian.

Don Russell, *a member of the editorial board of* THE AMERICAN WEST, *is author of* The Wild West *and* The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill.

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Tragic Cavalier: Governor Manuel Salcedo of Texas 1808–1813 by Félix D. Almaráz, Jr. *(University of Texas Press, Austin, 1971; 206 pp., biblio., index, $7.00).*

REVIEWED BY JOHN FRANCIS BANNON

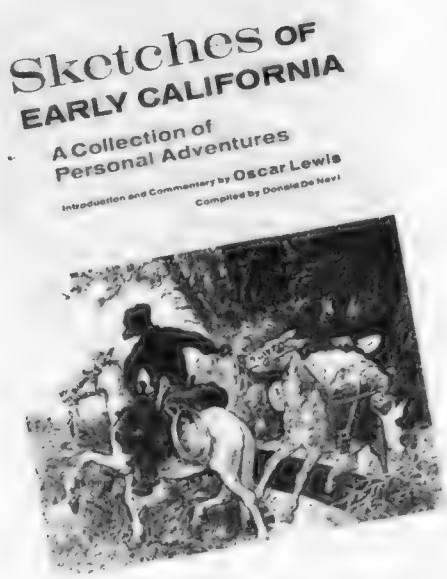
ALTHOUGH there have been several studies of Texas in the last years of the Spanish and the early years of the Mexican regime, the individual participants in that troubled period have not always had special attention. Dr. Almaráz has set himself to remedy this oversight; his study focuses on the personality and the career of one of the last Spanish governors, Manuel Salcedo, who held office during the critical years 1808–1813. The author calls his man "truly . . . a tragic cavalier," and so he was, treacherously cut down by insurgents after he had surrendered the province and his person, and had been promised honorable treatment.

Don Manuel was no newcomer in Spanish North America, when he arrived in 1808 to undertake a difficult assignment. He had served in Spanish Louisiana between 1801 and 1803, assisting his father Juan Manuel, ninth and last governor of that vast province before its transfer to the United States. With his father and the wife he had married in New Orleans, young Manuel had returned to Spain. In mid-1807 he was appointed to the Texas governorship and arrived in his province the next year.

Texas, first occupied as a defensive border against the French in the previous century, had lost its defensive importance during the days of Spanish control of the entire trans-Mississippi, only to acquire it again in 1803, when the Americans became too close neighbors. As the Americans evidenced aggressive and acquisitive tendencies, Texas became an important key to the defense of New Spain. Salcedo fully realized this fact and spent his first years in office attempting to reform administrative practice in Texas, improve its economy, and protect it in various ways against dangerous neighbors. He gave much attention to East Texas and its Nacogdoches, and to the famous so-called "neutral ground" strip. He sought to modernize his capital, San Antonio, and to provide the Gulf

Continued on page 57

SKETCHES OF EARLY CALIFORNIA



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The "Americanization" of Utah for Statehood

by Gustive O. Larson

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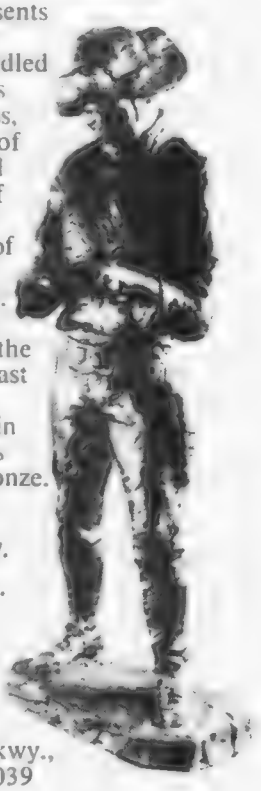

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The "Americanization" of Utah for Statehood by Gustive O. Larson *(Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif., 1971; 328 pp., illus., biblio., $7.50).*

REVIEWED BY LEONARD J. ARRINGTON

ONE OF THE FIRST actions of the Mormons, after the arrival of their permanent leaders in the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1848, was the calling of a convention to write a constitution and petition for admission to the United States as the state of Deseret. The United States might have granted that request had it not been for the tension between the North and South. By happenstance the Mormon request was incorporated in the Compromise of 1850. Disliking the proposed name of "Deseret," Congress chose to create Utah Territory.

Some territories may have had more inept, more corrupt, and more injudicious officials than Utah, but none administered a territory where wisdom and prudence were more essential. Between 1850 and 1890, Utah was twice "invaded" by hostile federal armies, its predominant residents lost control of their judicial system and saw their right to vote suspended, and the government of the territory was placed in the hands of a presidential commission. Ultimately, a national antipolygamy crusade brought about the imprisonment of several hundred local and general Mormon leaders.

The common charge against Utah's residents was that they were not really Americans: many of them were immigrants (true); many of them supported theocracy as the ideal form of government (true); and many of them practiced cooperation in economic affairs to a degree that energetic "outside" businessmen were sometimes denied potential profits (true). Not until 1894, after Utah had sought statehood on seven distinct occasions over a forty-two-year period, did Congress approve the enabling act that granted admission. As preconditions of that desired goal, Mormons had agreed to discontinue the performance of plural marriages, had disbanded the People's party and divided themselves up among the Republican and Democratic parties, and had agreed to abandon their exclusivist economic arrangements that had been so frustrating to "Gentile" enterprisers.

This process by which the Latter-Day Saints were finally compelled to "Americanize" in order to achieve statehood is ably told by Gustive Larson, a professor of history at Brigham Young University. Author of *Prelude to the Kingdom: An Outline History of Utah and the Mormons* and many articles dealing with Mormon and Utah history, Professor Larson is well equipped to tell this story. With good perspective and a well-cultivated sense of humor, he has written a concise, straightforward, but richly documented narrative.

After an introductory chapter explaining the Mormon intention of attempting to establish a "Kingdom of God" in their Great Basin redoubt, Larson describes the institution and practice of plural marriage, the national crusade against this "twin evil of barbarism," the fight between "cohabs" and federal deputy marshals, the diversionary activities of the Mormon underground, the experiences of Mormon leaders in the penitentiary, and the eventual achievement of statehood that essentially ended the legal strife between the Mormons and the federal government. The charm of the book is the author's extensive reliance on hitherto unpublished diaries, and letters that are in the Historian's Library-Archives of the L. D. S. Church in Salt Lake City, and in the Yale and Huntington libraries.

This is essentially a book about the 1880s—the decade after the death of Brigham Young—years that have been neglected by western historians. Professor Larson relates some delightful stories of hide-and-seek between Mormon leaders and "the deputies," gives details about the warning and guard systems set up to protect church leaders and provide a means of escape for them if federal officers came near, and quotes from day-by-day accounts of life in the penitentiary. Many readers will be surprised by the vigor, intelligence, and courage with which Utah's women defended and supported the institution of plural marriage. Gustive Larson has done western readers the favor of letting them in on some intimate details of Mormon history that only a few old hands have previously known.

Leonard J. Arrington *is professor of economics and history at Utah State University and co-editor of the* Western Historical Quarterly.

(Continued from page 55)

Coast with more protection than La Bahía could afford. Curiously, however, he met opposition to his plans from his uncle, Don Nemesio Salcedo, his superior as commandant-general of the Provincias Internas—a continuing trial.

By 1811 Texas was definitely involved in the backwash of the Hidalgo revolt of the year before. The anti-royalist drive in the heart of the viceroyalty soon created, not simply ripples, but waves on the far frontier. Not only did the Hidalgo move give malcontents in Texas an excuse for making trouble, but it quickly won sympathy outside and gave American adventurers, in conjunction with the Mexicans, the opportunity to disrupt the province and assume control. Bernardo Gutiérrez, William Magee, Henry Perry, Alvarez de Toledo, the Menchacas of San Antonio, Delgado, and others became serious problems to Salcedo.

In better times Salcedo might have been one of the more notable in the line of Texas governors; he had ability, personality, dedication. But his times were not propitious; they were troubled, upsetting, and frustrating. The author has told his story well, with sound documentation and judicious understanding of Don Manuel. In the process he has provided an enlightening picture of Spanish administrative procedures and the particular problems of the most exposed of the Provincias Internas. His bibliography is full, and his index compiled for maximum usefulness.

The chapter "Social Conditions in Hispanic Texas" promises more with the tag "social" than it gives. The reader is disappointed to find simply a recital of administrative problems and vexations (interesting in themselves) rather than details of Texas life and society. A more carefully chosen title would have prevented this. The book also would have benefited greatly from a map, even a simple one, to keep the reader oriented.

Artist José Cisneros in his sketch on the title page again shows himself a master in picturing Spanish horses and horsemen.

John Francis Bannon, *professor of history at Saint Louis University, is currently visiting professor of history at the University of New Mexico.*

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XUM

CLEARCUT—CONSERVATIONIST VIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

The Siskiyou proposal, the Sierra Club's largest single study area, was an almost untouched wilderness, a 171,500-acre region comprised of portions of Siskiyou, Six Rivers, and Klamath national forests, containing 12 major peaks, 8 rivers and creeks and their tributaries, 12 lakes, 27 smaller ponds and a unique association of trees and plants, including several species found only in the Siskiyou area. In the words of the Forest Service itself, "The Siskiyou Study Area provides a variety of opportunities for primitive and unconfined recreation including backpacking, camping, fishing, hunting, and nature study. The solitude afforded by remote portions of the area is an important characteristic."

However, its study report of December 19, 1968, ostensibly intended to "present alternatives of management" for the area, is weighted against wilderness. In the study, the Forest Service maintains, among other things, that the minor logging activity it had permitted since the mid-1960s on the far edges of the study area rendered the entire region "incompatible" with wilderness use; that "the amount of land featuring solitude is quite limited" (which is simply not true); and that "recreational development," including a planned expansion of the road system, would support a projected ninety-eight-thousand-visitor day by the year 2000—and, not incidentally, would facilitate logging operations. Quantity, not quality, was apparently the prime consideration.

The editors realize that the issue of intelligent use of our nation's forests is complex and controversial. We welcome comments from our readers concerning this subject, and invite you to express your opinions.

At no point in the report was any kind of genuine argument put forward in favor of maintaining it as wilderness. Argument was saved for more important things, such as its value as a timber resource, but here the report broke down into statistical game-playing that was exposed by the Sierra Club's forestry consultant, Gordon Robinson, in a critique presented at the public meeting in Crescent City on February 26, 1969.

The report stated that the current annual allowable cut in the Siskiyou study area was 22.5 million board feet; the management, harvesting, manufacturing, transportation, and marketing of which involved 570 jobs. Using a figure of two and one-half jobs in related and service industries for every one job directly concerned with lumbering, the report calculated that a total of 1,995 jobs were actually at stake, should the area be classified as wilderness—or 88.7 jobs per

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million board feet. This was a fairly impressive figure, until elementary logic was applied to it. Taking the current annual cuts of the three surrounding counties and applying the 88.7 figure to them, Robinson came up with the following breakdown:

Del Norte County: annual cut, 300,000,000, board feet; projected jobs, including related and service industries, 26,610.

Siskiyou County: annual cut, 485,000,000 board feet; projected jobs, including related and service industries, 43,020.

Humboldt County: annual cut, 1,300,000,000 board feet; projected jobs, including related and service industries, 115,310.

The reliability of the 88.7 figure began to disintegrate when the actual employment in the three counties—in all categories—was noted: Del Norte, 5,900; Siskiyou, 13,775; and Humboldt, 35,700. And the figure crumbled when it was further noted that in each case the projected employment figures were in excess of the county's entire population.

Even if the Service's 88.7 figure had been dead right, however, it still wouldn't matter, for the annual allowable cut of 22.5 million board feet had an air of gaseous fantasy, as Robinson pointed out. Given the fact, he said, that at least half the timber in the study area was of marginal commercial quality, at best, and given the additional fact that survey reports had indicated that soil conditions in those areas containing workable timber ranged from unstable to highly unstable, and given the final fact that much of the timber was located in areas almost impossible to reach economically, there was little chance that anything close to 22.5 million board feet could be harvested in any given year. In fact, less than half that figure was the only reasonable expectation.

Robinson's objections to the distortions of the report were buried by an outpouring of rhetoric from lumber industry spokesmen from all over the country. In a rote performance that has become as ritualized by now as a Kabuki drama, they raised the specter of America's housing needs and the industry's noble effort to meet them, without mentioning the seven billion board feet of forest products—lumber, logs, and pulp—exported to Japan every year, presumably to meet *its* housing needs. Seven billion board feet would build seven hundred thousand homes, or almost half the current annual American housing demand.

They also deplored the "erosion" of the country's timberland resources by the creation of wilderness (without acknowledging the fact that of the 1,150 billion board feet of timberland available in the four northwestern states alone, only 13.5 billion board feet—or 1.2 percent—would be removed if every single wilderness goal of conservationists were achieved). They echoed the sentiments expressed by Gene Brewer, president of the National Forest Products Association, in 1967: "Like Aneaeus, we are being held aloft and suffering harassment and eventual strangulation from preservationists' plans."

The industry need not have worried. The Forest Service ultimately "saved" the Siskiyou Study Area by officially recommending the multiple-use plan outlined in its report, while tossing conservationists a bone or two in the form of a forty-seven-thousand-acre parcel in the Clear Creek area designated as "backcountry," a land classification given to areas of wilderness quality by the Forest Service, not by congressional action. For the rest, it recommended that recreational facilities be constructed, that expanded timber sales begin as early as possible, and, most ambitious and destructive of all, that a major access road be rammed down the Siskiyou Crest, to be billed as a recreational road and paid for out of recreation monies, but in fact an enormously convenient way of granting the lumber industry access to the heart of the wilderness region, a sad situation which might well add the name of Bleeding Heart to the area around Broken Rib and Wounded Knee.

North from Wounded Knee, and to the east and south of it, the story is the same wherever board feet outweigh wilderness. In 1963, for instance, the Forest Service contrived the deletion of about two hundred fifty thousand acres from a proposed wilderness area in Idaho's Magruder Corridor and nearby Salmon River Breaks Primitive Area and Selway-Bitterroot Wilderness. In that same year, it opposed—and stead-

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fastly continues to oppose—the establishment of the Lincoln Wilderness in west central Montana and the Washakie Wilderness in the Shoshone National Forest of Wyoming. And in a particularly curious distortion of the meaning of the Wilderness Act, the Service has displayed a tendency to propose wilderness additions at altitudes where little more than lichens will grow (Colorado's Flattops and Montana's Spanish Peaks, for example), leading some conservationists to remark that the Forest Service is practicing "wilderness on the rocks."

As one outstanding conservationist, Samuel E. Wood, put it: "Multiple-use has not meant equal consideration of users. Forest Service people have grown up with the stumpage people; they hardly know cattlemen except through economic pressure, and they seldom meet a miner and only tolerate recreationists. Of the latter, they understand and can accommodate to campers and intensive users. They find nothing whatsoever in common with the wilderness user, who they claim wants to fence off resources and foreclose other uses."

The battle between the Forest Service–timber industry complex and the conservationists will not be won this year or next, for as long as the issues are able to be dragged out, the battlegrounds themselves are able to be eaten up by the chainsaws. Delay, in most cases, means deforestation. There cannot be *more* unlogged land than there is now nor can the deforested land ever be put back together again. A total wilderness system of fourteen million acres, as proposed by Congress, is after all only slightly more than the combined holdings of Weyerhaeuser and Boise-Cascade.

Not much, considering that is all the wilderness there ever will be to satisfy generation after generation of Americans until the end of all life on this planet.

Nancy Wood *has written many articles for national magazines, in addition to* Little Wrangler *(1966) and* Colorado: Big Mountain Country *(1969), both co-authored with Myron Wood.*

BUILDING A NEW WORLD

(Continued from page 41)

European navies, schools, and prisons—it horrified the Indians. Yet, whenever they did try to run away, they were pursued by soldiers riding swift horses and armed with irresistible guns.

The priests denied charges of overwork and overpunishment. They built infirmaries for the sick, and when San Francisco proved especially unhealthful, they sought a sunnier site for a new mission (San Rafael) north of the bay. They pointed out that the bulging warehouses had to feed both the presidios and a thousand Indians three times a day until the next harvest. As for the land the outsiders coveted, it was being held in trust until the neophytes were capable of managing it. What was left would go to the *rancheros,* but one must not be too impatient. It took time, to use the words of Serra's aged successor, Fermín Lasuén, to "denaturalize" the Indians . . . "to make them realize that they are men."

Even if the priests had wanted to escape from the burdens of success, they could not have. Mexico's long war of independence broke out in 1810 and lasted until 1821. During that period very few supply ships reached California. The four presidios lacked either cash or goods to barter for the produce needed by their men and by the families that lived in the little villages growing up near the barracks. The dearth reacted on the pueblos, too. Why should the men of San Jose or Los Angeles struggle to raise crops for which they would receive next to nothing from their only market, the military? They fell into slothful ways. They hired gentile Indians to sharecrop for them—the presidial families sometimes hired mission Indians as well—and then spent their own time, so the padres charged, gambling, racing horses, singing, prowling the *rancherías* for young girls to seduce, and just plain loafing.

Having no place else to turn, the presidios requisitioned everything they

needed from the missions and paid for it with drafts on the treasury that were never honored. Essential, manufactured goods came in roundabout ways. After picking up salable articles from American otter hunters, the Russians traded the commodities in California, illegally but without interference, for the foodstuffs that they desperately needed at their settlements in Alaska. Still other manufactured goods reached the *Californios* through American smugglers, who brazenly swapped their cargoes for mission tallow and otter skins collected by mission Indians.

The Indians, in short, were busy. Mission population rose to twenty thousand. Regimentation tightened; work hours stretched out; fugitivism was punished severely. According to the padres the extra work demanded by the presidios was the true cause of the fierce, though quickly suppressed, 1824 revolt by the mission Indians of Santa Barbara and the Santa Ynez Valley. Meanwhile anticlerics charged that the beset fathers no longer checked whether Indians brought to them by the soldiers were really escapees or not, that many were actually gentiles from the interior, seized on out-and-out slave raids.

None of this accorded with the upsurge of liberalism in newly independent Mexico. The federalist constitution of 1824 declared Christian Indians to be citizens of the republic, and the new governors who were sent to California from Mexico City were ordered to work out plans for the orderly secularization.

They found themselves baffled by an entrenched monolith. In 1822 Mexico had opened California ports to outside ships. Opportunistic Yankee and British traders immediately appeared in search of shoe leather to replace supplies dried up by revolution in South America. A powerful linkage formed between these traders, the padres who controlled the hide traffic, and local officials, who had found a needed source of revenue for the province by imposing heavy import duties on merchandise traded for hides and tallow.

At the base of the pyramid were the now carefully regimented mission workers who raised the cattle, prepared the skins, and transported them to the harbors. Disrupting the pattern, the early governors reported in frustration, would tumble California into chaos. As a result only tokenism resulted.

Liberals protested. By implying that the Indians were inferior, they said, the missionaries were using racist arguments to justify economic privilege. Would-be ranchers, aware that big money could now be made out of cattle, joined the attack on the Franciscans, in the hope that secularization would open land to their claiming.

A break was finally forced by a colonizing scheme, far too complex to be outlined here, that was dreamed up by a pair of Mexican liberals, José María Padrés and José María Híjar. One main feature of the plan was its intent to settle a large body of immigrants from Mexico on California land donated by the central government—mission land, evidently, to judge from the ambiguous instructions given to the leaders by Mexico's Vice-President Valentin Gómez Farías.

"Especial care," those instructions added, "will be taken to bring the Indians into the towns, mixing them with the other inhabitants." Mixing, of course, had long been a feature of secularization in Spanish Mexico. In California, however, the step came too late and too artificially. Fearing that the colony was an underhanded device by which outsiders meant to appropriate the choicest mission land, the California *Diputación* (legislature) under Governor Figueroa rushed through secularization measures of its own and then ruthlessly disbanded the ill-organized colony.

Government-appointed commissioners, some of them venal but more of them simply incompetent, took charge of the secularized missions. A few Indians did receive land grants and cattle; a few self-governing Indian pueblos were formed. In the main, however, outright looting was the rule. During the subsequent decade, the bulk of the land and livestock that for seventy years had been held in trust for the Indians passed into the hands of non-Indian owners.

There might have been salvation of sorts (at least until the American invasion) if there had been some refuge toward which the displaced neophytes could turn. California's manmakers, as they conceived themselves to be, had failed to provide that, however. Largely because of circumstance, the substantial *mestizo* element that had made acculturation possible in Mexico did not appear in the north. There was no refuge.

In bewilderment a handful of the neophytes remained at the decaying missions with those padres who chose to remain with them. Others fled to the wilds and there, according to diarist William Perkins of Sonora, became the chief scourges of the early gold mining camps. Most, however, simply lapsed into despair. Those who did receive some property either gambled it away or sold it for a pittance and then became town vagrants, existing between drunks on such odd jobs as they could find. Or else —and this was the end for the great majority—they went to work on the new ranches, where they became one root among several of the cancerous system of agricultural peonage that would afflict California farming into our own time.

It was hardly the outcome envisioned by José de Gálvez when he provided the first trappings for this brave new world of high-minded theory.

David Lavender, *writer of western history, is author of* The Rockies *(1968), and* The Great Persuader *(1970), among numerous other works.*

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INSTANT MILLIONAIRE—COLONEL W. C. GREENE

(Continued from page 9)

Greene the confidence man. In this case, however, there is some fire under the smoke. He did spend a lot of money. He spent on his mines and on his living and on his friends. He liked spending it, and he had been poor long enough to enjoy to the full his financial freedom. It is quite true that none of his old acquaintances ever called on him in vain and that he went far out of his way to repay the smallest of favors. He put many an old buddy on the payroll. What is not generally realized, however, is that he expected them to pull their weight. "I trust you understand distinctly," he wrote to General Manager A. S. Dwight on February 23, 1904, "that in no department of the company will any favoritism be allowed . . . that whether I have recommended a man for service or not makes no difference; that the only criterion by which he will be judged is as to whether he does his work properly or not."

In spite of this plain language, which Greene used more than once, the folklore makes him out to be not merely an exponent of "cronyism" but a crazy philanthropist with ten-thousand-dollar bills in his pocket, standing on the streets of Bisbee handing out money to all comers. When he ran out, the stories say, he borrowed from the nearest bystander and never paid him back. If the legend-making process continues, Greene may yet evolve into an Arizona-style Haroun al Raschid, amusing himself on the streets of his desert Baghdad, which will be about as far away from the business-like Greene as it is possible to get.

The men who wanted his mines kept these stories going month after month and year after year. If his stockholders ever lost confidence in him, the price of stock would go down as panicky investors unloaded, and the wise ones could buy cheap and perhaps get control. They never gave up, and in 1906, their persistence paid off.

A typical episode occurred in 1903, when John Gates and Edwin Hawley, who had saved Greene's management two years before by investing heavily in Copper Company stock, decided that it was time for Greene to step aside. They sent an engineer named John A. Farish to Cananea to look over the mines and make an unfavorable report. Farish came back with the familiar charges of waste, mismanagement, and extravagance. So Greene sent Robert T. Hill, an eminent geologist, to make a second report — an honest one, supposedly. Greene transmitted Hill's opinion to the stockholders: "A month's stay in Cananea utterly failed in producing on my critical mind a single impression other than favorable. The allegations of mismanagement and wasteful expenditure faded before the expansion of system and plan. Mistakes there have been, here and there, but as a whole, it can be truly said that Cananea today stands as the most remarkable mining achievement of modern years."

Since Hill was working for Greene, his opinion might be taken with several grains of salt, but others said the same. Mining expert Clyde E. Weed, for instance, made a casual visit to Cananea in 1902 and remarked in an unsolicited letter to Secretary George F. Robbins in New York: "My first impression of your property, railroad, townsite, smelting plant, and mines was one of amazement that so much has been accomplished in so short a space of time, my second at the harmonious and systematic way in which the development of so large a district has been carried out."

There can be no doubt that Greene made mistakes, tried methods which failed, needed to replace outmoded machinery and techniques, had to contend with lower and lower percentages of ore in his mines, expanded when he could not afford to, paid dividends when he should have plowed the profits back into the plant, but he built a great enterprise, and it made an enormous amount of money. It cannot honestly be said, as David Pletcher does in describing the colonel's end, that "Greene died, his riches gone, his policies discredited, and his name a synonym for extravagance and waste."

A good deal of Greene's conspicuous consumption was part of his promotional activities. He dressed well and lived well. He really had to. The *Verde* (his private car, named for himself) and the apartment at the Waldorf were proof to potential investors that the business was in good shape. A certain amount of ostentation was expected of him in the position he had attained, but he didn't waste an inordinate amount of time and attention on providing it. His wealth was to him what artillery was to Napoleon, a means to an end—and the end was always development. He wanted to see his ideas bloom and bear fruit.

Finally, in talking about Greene's extravagance, we have to admit that he was a gambler—a big one and a good one. As a rancher he had to be something of a gambler. As a promoter he had to be a super gambler. At the same time he enjoyed and practiced the more sociable and intimate forms of gambling: poker, blackjack, roulette, faro. According to the folklore, he would gamble on anything and once accepted a challenge to match coins with E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, for a million dollars (Harriman backed down). When he got to New York in 1899, he had trouble getting anyone to listen to him. Down to his last hundred-dollar bill, he walked into Canfield's famous gambling establishment, had a run of luck, and, as Evetts Haley tells it, "walked back to the Waldorf $20,000 to the good."

On his prolonged and frequent trips by train, he liked to play poker with his friends, and sometimes the stakes were high. Once, coming back from Los Angeles with his friend and partner B. A. Packard of Douglas, Greene was $50,000 ahead when they got to Tucson. Instead of getting off, as originally planned, Packard stayed aboard, and by the time the train reached El Paso, he had his money back.

At times Greene's poker-playing talents were useful in the conduct of his business. Frank Brophy tells about the time the *Verde* was en route to Naco and points north bearing some important Mexican officials along with the usual assortment of American capitalists and businessmen. Greene organized a game and lost consistently while the Mexicans were aboard. They got off at Naco, however, and when the game resumed without them, Greene's poker improved amazingly. Before long he was ahead.

Whether or not these tales are true (and they have the ring of folklore),

Greene undoubtedly could take care of himself in a poker game; and if he didn't lose, his gambling can hardly be called extravagance.

Still a third image was added as time went on to the figures of Greene the confidence man and Greene the waster. This was Greene the man of violence, Greene the pistoleer. The father of this persona was Greene himself. When his bullets killed Jim Burnett in the driveway of the OK Corral at Tombstone, he became a man with notches on his gun, a man who would not let a human life stand between him and his desires. He never carried a pistol after this tragedy, according to Mack Axford, who knew him well enough to say so, but the popular mind liked to picture him as the Wyatt Earp of Wall Street.

The picture has been perpetuated by several generations of popular historians, beginning with "Colonel" James H. McClintock, who in 1916 published a two-volume history of Arizona and Arizonans. Greene, he says, "a man of tremendous pluck and known willingness to kill, saved, on one occasion, stock valued at several million dollars taken by him from a desk which he had broken open in the office of one of his associates whom he then awaited, revolver in hand. This wild-western way of playing the game was the only one known to him and for a time succeeded."

It would be interesting to know where McClintock got this story. It cannot be documented, but it was picked up by the New York *Tribune*, probably from McClintock since nobody else up to that time had told it, and made a part of the colonel's obituary notice. It has been retold over and over again since then. Something must have happened to start it, but what that something was nobody now can say, and it does not sound like a thing which Greene would have done.

The manufacturers of lethal legends about Greene have found their great opportunity in his encounter with Tom Lawson in December 1904. This bloodless battle has appealed to several generations of inventive journalists who usually (and mistakenly) assume that the news of the decline in Greene Consolidated resulting from Lawson's activities came to him in the form of a telegram that reached him at Bisbee, and that he then and there determined to eliminate Lawson.

In a version evolved by George Jones ("Fightingest Man of the West") Greene gives up the idea when "Jim Burnett's terrorized face comes before him" as he sits in the train. "Greene let the gun drop to the floor. He buried his face in his huge hands."

So it was that in the popular mind William Cornell Greene became a crooked promoter, a pathological spender, and a trigger-happy pistoleer. In his last years, another set of stories began to circulate about irregularities in his private life. At least two men, Dan de Lara Hughes and Niño Cochise, have pictured themselves in print as watching out for him while he was on his sprees. Greene undoubtedly made his mistakes, as most men do, but these fantasies that rob him of all dignity and decency must be a long remove from the truth.

To his family and friends, he was a kind and generous man, grateful for any token of love and respect, a man of great courage and imagination, great energy and determination, great personal charm and human warmth.

To us he is a man typical of his era with its ideals and attitudes firmly riveted in his mind and heart. Like his fellow frontiersmen, he was always looking for new country and new opportunities for pitting his strength against nature and hostile human beings. He believed in success — financial success — as the best measure of human achievement and thought that hard and constant work was what a man was created for. He put it all into words when he was asked to turn in a biographical sketch in 1905 for *Prose and Poetry of the Livestock Industry:* "The opportunities for becoming financially independent or even very wealthy were never as great as they are today. What the country needs and what it is constantly calling for, are young men of energy and industry who are capable of taking the initiative. . . . The man who recognizes the natural resources that are lying about unnoticed by the ordinary observer — he is the one who rightfully bears off the prize. Any young man who will have confidence in himself and watch for the unknown value, has a foundation that ought to carry him to success."

It was his own prescription, and it describes his own career. In 1905 the formula sounded right and sensible. It may be our great misfortune that to us it means almost nothing.

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Much new material has turned up to make a fairly complete picture of Colonel Greene and his activities possible. Robert C. Weed, general manager of the Compania Minera, S. A. de C. V., at Cananea, has made the company papers available, and Frank C. Brophy has given access to the files of his father, the late W. C. Brophy, that contain personal and business correspondence, market reports, and financial news of the early 1900s. Family records and memories preserved by Greene's sons Charles, Frank, and Kirk, along with interviews with surviving old-timers, have helped to round out the files.

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1. Date of Filing: November 1, 1971.
2. Title of Publication: The American West.
3. Frequency of Issue: Bimonthly.
4. Location of known office of publication: 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, Santa Clara, County, California 94306.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306.
6. Names and addresses of publisher and editor: Publisher, George Pfeiffer III, 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306. Editor, Donald E. Bower, 599 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306.
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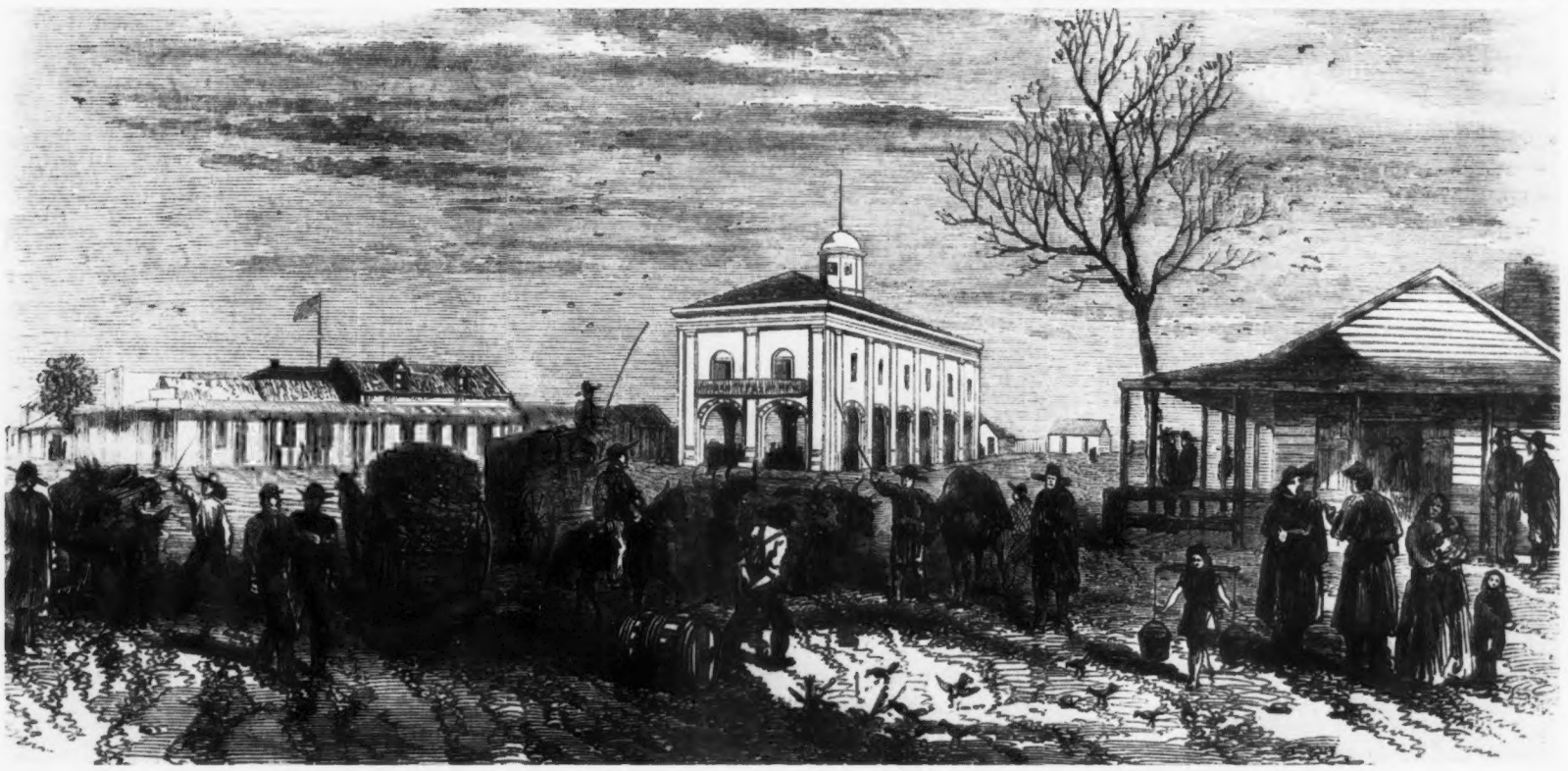

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PUBLICATION NO: 1850

TITLE: AMERICAN WEST

VOLUME: 9

ISSUES: 1-6

DATE: January-November 1972

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